

BUILDING FOR TO-MORROW

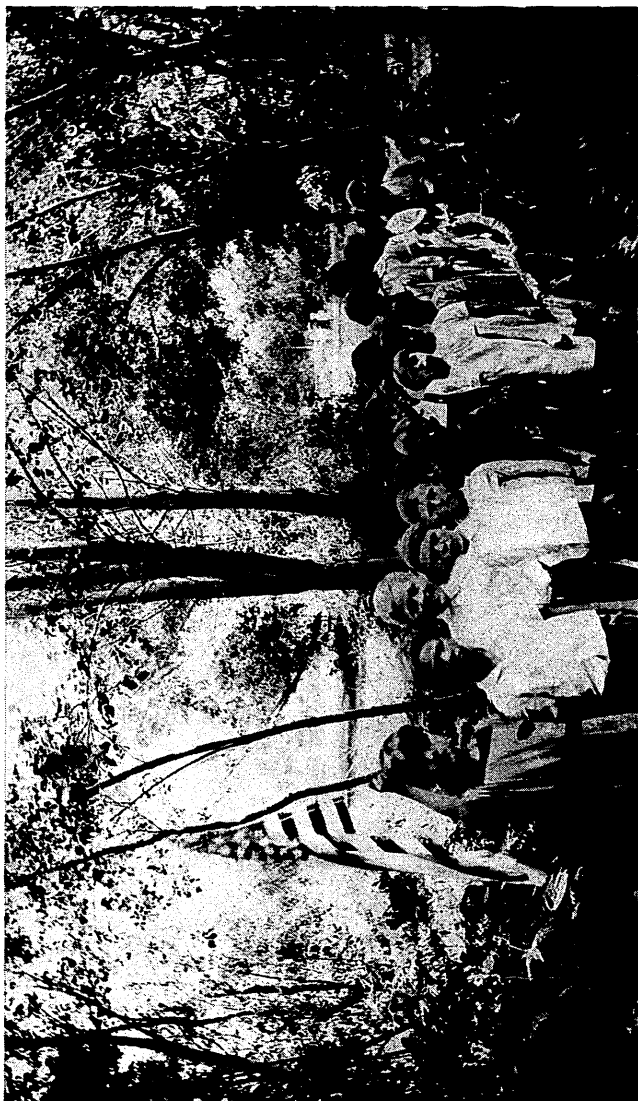
JEAN GERTRUDE HUTTON

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Photograph by Marjorie Bentley

BUILDERS OF TO-MORROW WAITING FOR THE CHURCH VACATION SCHOOL BELL

These children are in line of march, waiting for the signal to proceed to the opening session of the vacation church school.

The Abingdon Religious Education Texts

David S. Downey, General Editor

DAILY VACATION CHURCH SCHOOL SERIES

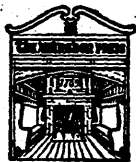
GEORGE HERBERT BETTS, Editor.

BUILDING FOR TO-MORROW

**A Series of Twenty-five Lessons for Boys and
Girls Nine, Ten, and Eleven Years of Age**

**BY
JEAN GERTRUDE HUTTON**

**Prepared in Co-operation with the International Association of
Daily Vacation Bible Schools**



THE ABINGDON PRESS

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TO THE
HARVARD COAST

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LESSON I

"WHEN I GROW UP"

"WHEN I grow up"—how boys and girls love to talk of that time and to choose what they will be and do! Not one of them ever plans to be sick and weak or stupid; each determines to pattern after the strongest and finest person he knows. Dick Hale had decided to be exactly like his cousin John, who was a junior in the university Dick meant to enter some day. John was a fine athlete and had played on the winning football team; he was so jolly every one liked him; best of all, so mother said, he was a good student and ranked high in his classes.

Mother shook her head when she looked at Dick's report card, which showed only passing grades. She studied his pale cheeks; she felt his thin legs and arms. "I shall send you to Aunt Mary for a summer on the farm," she decided, "and you must try to learn John's rules for being strong."

Dick had never thought much about rules for being strong, and he determined to learn them as soon as possible. He did not intend to say much about it, for he did not like to think of himself as being weak in body and stupid in his studies. But the first afternoon of Dick's visit to Aunt Mary, Ned and Rob Martin, who lived in the little cottage across the way, came to get acquainted with him. Ned, after looking Dick over, glanced down at his own thin body, and laughed ruefully, saying, "You're almost as skinny as I am."

"Yes, I am," admitted Dick, "but I don't mean to be so when I go home. I am going to ask my cousin to tell me how to be as strong as he is."

"Will he tell me too?" asked Ned, eagerly.

"I say," suggested Rob, "let's get up a health club, and race each other in keeping the rules."

"And have a name for it," cried Ned.

"My father belongs to a club," said Dick, "that he calls the 'Pathfinders.'"

"I think that's a splendid name," said Ned.

"Let's call ours 'Pathfinders of Health.'"

So with much talking among the three, the club was organized, and that evening when John came to the shady porch to rest, the boys begged of him to give them the best rules he knew for getting and keeping strong.

John thought hard for a minute; then he said: "I think I won't give you any rules, but let you find them out for yourselves."

"Oh, John!" cried Dick, much disappointed. "Maybe we will make some bad mistakes, and get worse instead of better."

John laughed. "I won't let you do that," he promised. "But no fellow likes to obey someone else as well as he likes to obey his own commands. You watch sharp and, with a little help needed from me, you will soon discover the most important rules. And suppose each of you starts in at once to keep a health record showing how well you keep the rules you discover."

"We will be real pathfinders if we must find our own rules," grinned Dick. "Let's see who gets the most the first day!"

"I've found three," shouted Dick as he saw Ned and Tom the next morning.

"What?" they cried together.

"First," said Dick, "milk instead of coffee or tea to drink."

"Ugh!" shuddered Ned; "I hate milk."

"So do I," agreed Dick, "but John took it instead of Aunt Mary's nice coffee this morning, for he said he must keep in training. So, of course, I took milk too; I couldn't break the first rule I learned."

"Of course not!" agreed Rob, as he wrote Rule Number One on the back of his record sheet.

"What else, Dick?"

"This one I knew before, and have kept it for a long time—'Brush teeth after each meal.'"

Ned and Rob nodded. "Guess every fellow knows and keeps that rule," said Tom. "What's your third, Dick?"

"Sleep with windows wide open," said Dick. "I expected to freeze when John opened them last night, but I didn't; I was as warm as toast."

"Mother taught us that rule long ago!" said Ned, "but I hadn't thought to put it down."

Just then John came by. "I am going to mend the pasture fence," he said; "like to come along?"

The boys eagerly agreed, and soon were hard at work. At first it was great fun, but the sun was hot, and soon all three were uncomfortable. "Wish I had an ice-cream soda," muttered Dick. "Or a bottle of strawberry pop!" said Tom.

"Thirsty, fellows?" queried John. "I'll show you where to get the finest drink in the State."

Ned stared at John; he knew there was no soda fountain within three miles of the pasture. John

threw down his tools and led the way to a shady spot under the hill where a spring bubbled out of the ground. "Let the water run over your face and hands; then sip a cup slowly and you'll feel like different men," advised John. When they had obeyed and were ready to go back to work, John asked, with a twinkle in his eye, "Better than twenty ice-cream sodas, wasn't it?"

The boys looked at each other; Dick held up four fingers, and the other two nodded. They had found Rule Four.

"Time for a swim before we go home for supper," said John when the fence was finished, and Ned and Tom shouted together, "Rule Five, 'A bath a day keeps the doctor away'; isn't that a good rule, John?" and John gave hearty assent.

The boys soon found that certain health rules they already knew and kept as well as the tooth-brush rule. No one ever needed to remind them to wash their hands before eating, and not even John himself was more careful about keeping finger nails clean and hair well brushed when play and hard work were finished.

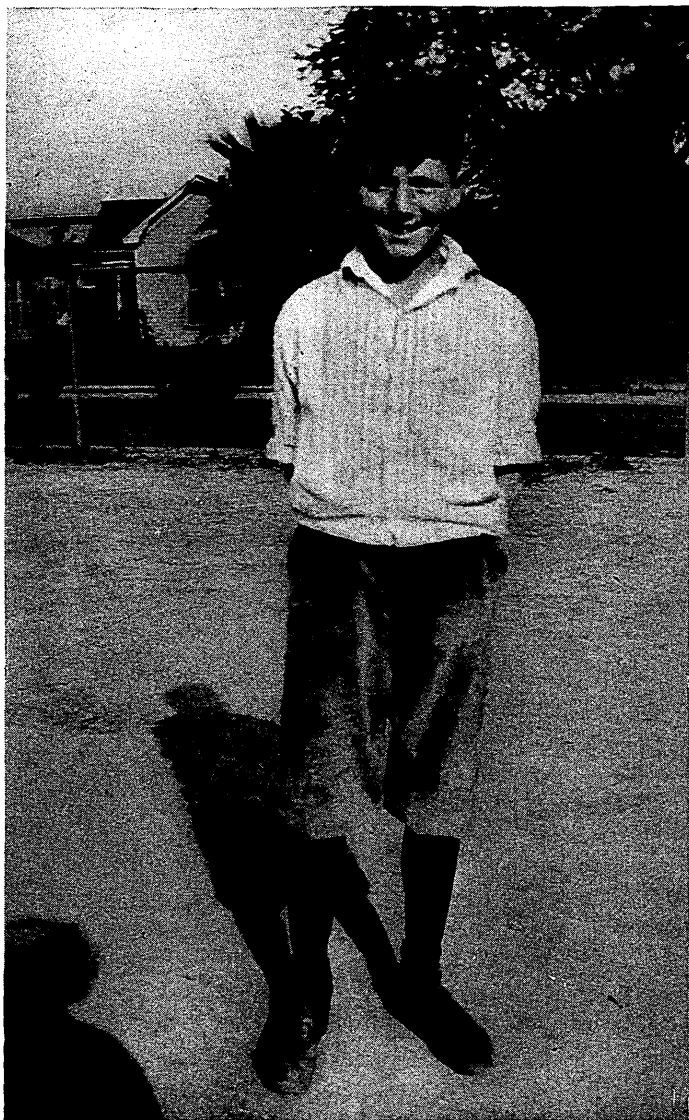
There was one rule that Dick was slow to find out, so one day John set up on the dinner table a big red sign: "GO SLOW!" How Dick did blush! But he never forgot that rule again, for he would have been ashamed to see the sign the second time.

All three boys found the rule about eating leafy vegetables hard to remember until John told them clever stories about Lady Lettuce in her green-and-white satin gown, Miner Spinach, and other garden friends. Presently the boys were thinking of them as comrades who were helping them to



Photograph by Charles Sheldon Thompson

"A BATH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY"



Photograph by Charles Sheldon Thompson

"Dick at least did not know how tanned and rosy, how sturdy and strong he was growing till he went to the station to meet his mother at the close of the summer, and found she scarcely knew him as her son."

grow strong so they could run fast and play and study well.

Sometimes the boys grew tired of keeping the rules, and longed for the cake, candy, and sweets they liked so well. "It's hard never to have them," complained Dick once.

John laughed. "Who's afraid of hard things?" he demanded. "Don't you know what Paul said, 'Suffer hardship with *me*, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus'? You know Paul was kept a long time in prison chained to a Roman soldier. I am sure the soldier told him many tales of courage and endurance, and Paul came to admire his strength so much that he wrote Timothy to be like him in going through hard things."

So the boys kept on with the rules, and had much fun in being Pathfinders. Every day they filled out their records, putting a picture or a drawing of a vegetable, a glass of milk, a tooth brush, or whatever might best tell the tale, opposite the rules that had been kept. Every Saturday John weighed each of them, and measured their height, and these figures went down on the records too. The boys thought less and less of the races they ran, the trees they climbed, the rows and swims that the pond made possible for them; and Dick at least did not know how tanned and rosy, how sturdy and strong he was growing till he went to the station to meet his mother at close of the summer, and she hardly knew him for her son.

"I am sure I can study ever so much better this year," confided Dick to her, as he showed the wonderful record sheet he had made.

"You will make an A grade in all your studies,

I know!" asserted John. "And just to help you fellows remember to keep your health rules all winter, I am going to give you these," and he pinned on the jacket of each lad a bronze button bearing the words "Pathfinders of Health."

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

"Mrs. Fly and Mrs. Mosquito Leave Cleanville," in *Health Training in Schools*, by Theresa Dansdill.

"The Color Bearer," in *Health Training in Schools*.

"Raising the Stone," in *Mayflower Program Book*, page 14, by J. E. Perkins and F. W. Danielson.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Write in your notebook the health rules discovered by the Pathfinders. What other rules do you wish to add to these? Mark the most important ones with a red star.

2. Discuss and form with your classmates a "Code of Health" to be followed by your department during the sessions of your vacation school.

3. On large sheets of paper make a calendar for two months. On each date on which you have kept all the health code paste a seal or a picture cut from the advertising pages of a magazine, to denote your record. Try to have each day perfect in your keeping of health laws.

4. Start an A-B-C book for a child whom you know, finding a picture and writing a jingle for each letter of the alphabet. For example:

T is for teeth all pearly and white
Brushed with care each morning and night.

5. A junior class one day discussed what ought to go into the building of a good character. One pupil named health as an essential. Part of the class agreed with him; others said health has nothing to do with good character. What is your opinion? Think it over carefully, and try to decide before you read the next lesson, which will help you to find the answer.

6. Make a list of the persons in your town who help people to keep well and strong. Find one or more ways in which you can help them.

7. If there are places in your town which may be harmful to the health of the people, find out if there is any way in which you may help to remove or change them.

LESSON II

THE FOUR PRINCES

THE king of Babylon once marched against the people of Israel, and defeated them, taking back with him to his own land much rich spoil and many captives.

Among the prisoners of war carried to Babylon were four young princes who were selected to be specially trained as helpers of the king. They were to be given the best of food, in order that their bodies might grow strong and their minds clear and keen to handle the work of their royal master.

Every day there was sent to these four young princes and their companions the choicest food from the king's own table. This was a great honor, and most of the boy captives who received it took the food and ate it without question. No doubt they felt it was both safe and comfortable to go with the crowd in the matter.

But Daniel, the leader of the princes, and his three companions, fearing that the food from the king's table might be "unclean," asked that they be given food of another sort, food that was much poorer and plainer.

You must not suppose that Daniel meant by "unclean" food what you or I might mean by the word to-day. It was a part of the Jewish religion never to eat certain kinds of food, and never to eat other foods unless these had been prepared in a

certain way. The forbidden foods were called "unclean," and it was quite likely that food from the king's table might be either of the wrong kind or prepared in the wrong way.

Quite possibly the king's food might have been thought undesirable by the Jewish princes for another reason. It was the custom in those days to put the best food as an offering on the altars of the idols—gods carved from wood or stone or metal. After that the food was sold or carried home by the worshipers, and to eat it was one way of honoring the god to whom it had been offered. Anyone who ate a fine meal in a Babylonian home might thus, in the thought of the people, be worshiping the idol by the act of eating food that had that morning been placed on an altar. To the Babylonians this seemed a fine thing to do; to the Jews who believed in Jehovah as the one true God it was a very wicked act. The four princes were not willing to do it.

Now, it was an insult to refuse to eat the food which the king sent both as an honor and a favor. But the four princes "had purposed in their hearts not to defile themselves with the king's meat." They went to the officer in charge of them and asked that they might have plain vegetable food, such as peas and beans, and that instead of rich wine they be given water to drink. They felt that only so could they have strong bodies and clear minds to do the king's work.

The officer in charge was much surprised at the request of the four princes and was unwilling to grant it. "You will grow pale and thin on such food," he said to them. "Then the king will blame

me and I shall be discharged in disgrace; perhaps even my life will be forfeited."

Of course the princes did not wish to bring trouble to the officer, so Daniel proposed a plan. "Let us try the plain food, with water to drink, for ten days. If we do not thrive well on it, we will change to your plan at the end of that time." This seemed fair and reasonable to the officer and he gave the young princes the food they requested.

Do you suppose the other young men made fun of the four princes for giving up the rich and dainty food and fine wines for such common dishes as beans and such ordinary drink as water, when they might have had the best there was in Babylon? I suspect they did, though the Bible does not tell us so. If they laughed at the plan, I am sure they did not laugh later, for when the testing time came, it was found that of all those in training, none was so strong of body and so clear and keen of mind as the four princes who had refused rich food in order that they might build vigorous minds and clean spirits in healthy bodies. Daniel and his friends were given places of honor in the king's court and advanced to positions of power and responsibility.

The four princes gave up certain pleasant things when they refused the king's food. They gained certain worth-while results. Make a list of what was gained and of what was lost, and decide for yourself if the princes were wise in their choice.

In what ways do boys and girls of to-day make choices similar to those of the four princes and their companions in Babylon? You are growing up, as they were, and, of course, you are planning to be strong and erect, full of health and vigor, with

minds that are quick and keen. What ways of living must you choose if you are to gain these good ends? You can find part of the answer by looking at people about you; perhaps you can find another part by recalling some ways you have already tried and what results these brought you. You can get other parts of the answer by talking with your parents, the school nurse, or a doctor. The government of this country will give you another part of the answer.

If you look at people whom you know, you will probably find many who are rosy and strong, with clear eyes, fresh skins, quick step and an air of health and vigor. Such people will tell you generally that they eat plain food, drink plenty of water, take exercise, sleep with open windows, and follow out other good health rules. Try to learn from them what each thinks to be the best health rules; then make a set of health rules that most people obey. Talk over this set of rules with your class mates. Which of the rules will you adopt for your own?

As you study the people about you, you may find some boys and girls with muddy skin, dull eyes, and a listless manner. If you question them you are almost sure to find out there is some important law of health they are not keeping. Perhaps one does not get enough sleep; another may be using too many sweets or eating too little vegetable food; a third may say, "I do not like milk!"

If you will go next to the doctor or the nurse, they will help you to understand just what milk and vegetables, fresh air, exercise, frequent baths, and plenty of sleep, do for boys and girls who are

growing. Quite likely you can prove for yourself the truth of what you are told by remembering how dull and stupid you have sometimes felt when you have been too lazy to play; or how ill you have felt when you have eaten greedily of rich cake or sweets; or how refreshed and vigorous you have felt after a long night's sleep in a room with windows all open. Go back now to your health rules, and mark a red star by those you think are the most important.

Do you know that our government thinks it is so much a part of being a good American to grow tall and strong that thousands of boys and girls have been weighed and measured by the government, in order that every one may know just how tall a child should be at any age, and exactly how much each should weigh? Do you weigh and measure what you should for your age? Send to the government for Height and Weight charts, and if you do not weigh and measure what you should, it will be great fun to race with another boy or girl, to see which of you can come to the right scale first. It may be hard work, but no real American was ever afraid of that!

Perhaps it will help you to remember to keep your health rules if you make some gay posters illustrating the best ways of living. From the advertising pages of a magazine you can cut such delightful pictures of appetizing vegetables, fruit and nuts, that a single look will make you hungry. If you find it easy to remember the brushing of your teeth regularly, it may help a teacher to show children who have not learned this as yet, if you make a few jolly posters for them. Possibly you

will prepare so many and such attractive posters that you will have a poster exhibit. Ask your friends to serve as judges and award prizes of red and blue ribbons to the best posters. It will be great fun.

Another way of making health practices known to people is by giving health plays; perhaps you will like to write one yourselves. Johnny Gingersnap, Miss Fruitcake, Sir Ice Cream Cone, Mr. Milk, and ever so many other friends and enemies can be worked in as characters, and to make the costumes from cardboard, crepe paper, muslin, and other materials, will be interesting and will tax your cleverness too.

To follow health rules wisely will surely give you the strong and vigorous bodies you wish. It will almost as surely give you the alert minds that make study easy and pleasant; you will find it less difficult to understand your lessons when you feel well. You will find it easier, too, to be pleasant. Boys and girls who are well are not often cross.

But, best of all, you will find it easier to honor God by keeping his laws. The Bible tells us that our bodies are the temples of God. To remember that makes us more eager to keep ourselves clean and strong and fit. It gives us courage to choose as did the four princes. Do you feel, each of you, eager to set out on a quest for a healthy body, that shall be the dwelling of a clean and healthy mind and a pure spirit? Ready, then! Forward, March!

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

"How the Singing Water Got to the Tub," in *Health Training in Schools*, by Theresa Dansdill.

"A Friend of the King," in *Health Training in Schools*.

TO LEARN:

"Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and *that* the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man destroyeth the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, and such are ye."—1 Corinthians 3. 16, 17.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Make a Weight and Height Record, putting in it the weights and heights of the members of your department. You may obtain an official record sheet from the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. Compare all your measurements with those given in the chart as correct for each age.

2. Discuss with your mates the question of the place of health in building good character. Draw a picture to show where you think health comes in relation to other parts of a good and happy life. You may make a picture of a wall, an arch, or whatever you wish to illustrate your thought.

3. From a small wooden box, like a deep chalk box, make a room to represent your classroom, or your sleeping room. Bore, or cut with a sharp knife, holes for the windows and doors. Find corks to fill these openings. Make a hole in the roof of your room, and build a chimney around it, using plasticine. Cover the front of the box with a sheet of glass fastened on with mending tape. Use a string or rubber band to keep the door tightly closed when you wish it so.

To use the house:

Provide a small candle and holder. Place the lighted candle on the floor of the room; close the windows and doors tightly. What happens to the candle?

Try opening one window, and then others.

Light a bit of Japanese incense, and note how the smoke escapes as you have different windows open in the little room. By testing in this way, try to decide how best to ventilate your school-room. Which windows and how many should be open? If you are experimenting with your sleeping room, where is the best location for the bed, in order that you may have the most fresh air?

LESSON III

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S QUEST FOR HEALTH

ABSORBED in a tale of olden days, a thin little lad sat over his book, unmindful of the sisters and cousins who played about him. "Come, play with us," they urged; but unheeding, he read on. "It's no use to coax him," they laughed; "Theodore does not even know we are here, if he has a new book to read."

It was a tale of knightly deeds, of heroes and of nobles, men who greatly dared and greatly achieved, that held the lad enthralled. As always, when he read such tales, his imagination was stirred, his ambition was kindled. He determined that he too would some day set out on a splendid quest; he too would dare and do; he would follow the example of the noble men of old and accomplish some splendid work in the world.

Then the lad thought of his puny little body, racked by disease. He remembered that all the knights and nobles of whom he read had great physical strength. How could he hope to be like them unless he found a way to be strong? "My first quest," he said, "shall be the quest for health."

When the lad talked with his father about this, he met not only with approval but with help; for his father fitted for him in the home a small gymnasium, and soon the boy was following a stiff

course of well-planned exercises, hoping to develop his strength.

For a long time progress was discouragingly slow. Many and many a night the poor little fellow found himself in the grip of asthma, unable to lie down. Often his father would wrap him warmly and take him for long rides in the darkness of a summer night, hoping to make it easier for his laboring lungs to get the fresh air.

A lad of less spirit and determination would have given up and said: "It is useless to try further. I must just make up my mind to being an invalid all my life." But Theodore Roosevelt was not made of the stuff that gives up easily. He persisted in his efforts to build a healthy body.

Always, as he pursued his search for health, Roosevelt's father encouraged him. "You have a good brain," he said; "keep on till you have built a body that will make it possible for you to do all that your brain can plan." And the young Theodore kept on.

Yet try as he might to gain health and strength, the lad was unable, through most of his boyhood, to attend school as did other boys of his age. He had to make up the lack by reading and study at home.

Still he persisted in his quest. As he gained, little by little, some new strength, he learned new exercises and new ways of using what he had won. He learned to row and to sail a boat. He took longer and longer walks. He held to every health rule that promised to make him stronger. Slowly he gained the power to share with his companions all the sports and the fun which delighted them.

In course of time Theodore was ready to enter college. He was still a slender man, weighing less than one hundred and thirty pounds. He was still subject to severe attacks of asthma, though these were less frequent than formerly. But the gain he had made was great, and so he kept on. He went camping. He took lessons in boxing and wrestling. He kept up his observance of health rules. He was slowly but surely finding the strength for which he had searched so long.

Every boy and girl in America probably knows how the hunt ended. Pictures of the man Roosevelt look little like the puny, sickly child who determined to grow into a strong man. His biographer writes of the change which a few years made in the slender boy who developed into the broad-shouldered, deep-chested man with the "neck of a Titan" and almost the strength of a Samson. But Roosevelt did not use his strength as Samson did, in mere tricks and showing off. Roosevelt could engage in any sport; he could endure the hardships of a wild Western life; he could go through the difficulties of a long hunting trip in Africa. He could brave the dangers of an exploring trip in South America. He was able to endure the strain of the hard work and the long hours demanded of the President of the United States. Like David of old, he was a mighty champion for the right, and this was possible because he had won his quest for health.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

The story of Robert Louis Stevenson and his quest for health.

William C. Gorgas and what he did in Panama.
Edward L. Trudeau, the beloved physician.
Wilfred Grenfell in Labrador.

TO LEARN:

Select two, four, or more lines from Henry van Dyke's "God of the Open Air," and learn them.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Make a health booklet, giving the story of milk, butter, a vegetable that has special value for growing boys and girls, bathing, or the care of teeth.

2. Make a poster showing what foods can be used to provide balanced meals for one day.

3. Visit a grocery store. Note different kinds of food that are on sale; how food is kept; condition of floors, shelves, and other parts. Is unwrapped food screened from flies? What good practices of the grocer do you observe? If there is bad or careless handling of food or of refuse, how may you go about it to make these better?

4. Make a chart showing the foods to be eaten for health and strength. You may write B A D on one side of a sheet of paper, and G O O D on the other, and under the words write lists or paste pictures of food. On which side will you put candy? lettuce? spinach? milk? tea? lollipops? figs and raisins? cereals?

LESSON IV

CAPTAINS IN COMMAND

"SIMON says thumbs up!" Captain Nell's voice rang out in gay command from her side of the table. "Thumbs down! Thumbs wiggle waggle!"

John and Helen, Ruth and Carl, on the opposite side, made haste to obey.

"Thumbs up!" cried Marion and she and Hugh, Nell and Fred, shouted in glee as John's thumbs shot up.

"But she said thumbs up," insisted John.

"So she did, John," groaned Carl in mock dismay, "but Marion is not captain."

"My mistake!" apologized John. "I forgot that we obey none but the captain's orders."

At the end of a holiday hundreds of people were returning to the city by automobile. Where two main streets cross traffic became congested. The policeman was off duty, and the lines of traffic were soon in such a tangle that no one could go on. A Boy Scout made his way to the policeman's stand in the center of the street. As he began the familiar signals the drivers smiled and obeyed. In a few minutes the jam was untangled, every automobile had moved on, and people were able to get home because drivers had obeyed the orders of a captain in command.

"No soup to-night for me, mother," said Mary.

"Please do not give me any vegetables; I'm not hungry," said Frank.

"Two children not hungry for our good dinner!" exclaimed mother. "What is the reason?"

Questions followed, and then mother made a rule: No candy and sweet foods between meals.

When the people of Israel started from Egypt on the long journey to the land of Canaan they had a fine leader who made for them such wise rules that they are a part of all good laws to-day. Who was the leader, and what do we call his laws?

In all great countries and cities people have laws which are generally made by persons chosen for this purpose. What is the name of the lawmaking body in our country? In your own city?

Some of the laws which are made have to do with keeping the people of the city or country well and strong. Find and report on one such law. Is it a good law? Can you think of a way in which it could be made better?

Some laws are planned to make the city or the country a safe place in which to live. Find one or more of these laws and decide if it is a good law.

What other laws are there besides those concerning health and safety? Why were these laws made? If you answer very quickly, you may say they were made to keep people from doing what they wish to do. I met a group of boys and girls this summer who were cross because the policeman would not let them wade in the river near their home; they could not do as they wished.

Look again at the first story in this lesson. Why did the players make the rule that only captain's orders are to be obeyed? They would have said, "It is more fun to play it that way." You will agree that you can have good games only when you have rules for playing them. Imagine playing football or tennis without any rules!

Why did the automobile drivers obey the Boy Scout's signals? Not because they would have been punished if they had not done so, nor because he had power to make them obey; why, then?

Why did mother make the rule concerning sweets between meals? To keep Mary and Frank from enjoying candy and cake? You are sure this was not the reason, but, rather, that mother wished the children to bring to the meal a good appetite for the nourishing food they must have if they are to grow strong.

Find the reasons for some of the rules Moses gave his people. Find a good reason for a fire law, a traffic law, or property law in your city or State. What school laws are like these city or State laws?

Who sees to it in the State that the laws are kept? In the city? We call such an officer an *executive*. This means that it is the duty of such a person to see that the laws are *executed*, or obeyed. Who chooses the State executive? the city executive? the school executive?

You may like to think of your school this summer as a small city or a State. Then you will wish to choose the lawmaking body, and the executive, to see that laws are kept. But you will remember that the mayor of a city does not go up and down

the streets compelling people to obey the laws. Who does make citizens keep the laws? You are quite right when you answer that every good citizen makes *himself* keep the laws. Prisons and policemen are only for bad citizens and for those, like the boys and girls I met, who are careless or who do not know what is best for all the people.

So, in your school city, your council or your teacher or your officers may make the laws, but the best executive you can choose cannot make you really keep them. All your officers may help to make a good school, but only you yourself can make you keep the rules. Your executive, your teacher, even your best friend, may not know if you are keeping them every one. Just one person can always know that. That person is your captain in command, your own self, and whether you like him or not, you must live with him all your life. Sometimes when you are alone with him, he will say: "You broke that rule because you knew you would not be found out. You thought no one saw you, but I saw you, and I am ashamed of you!" Then what very bad company you will find yourself to be!

But much oftener, I am sure, your captain will say to you, when you are alone with him: "That was a hard thing you did to-day, and possibly no one would have known if you had done the easy wrong thing. But you were a good soldier. You obeyed me. I am proud of you. I salute you!" Then you will be happy, because your captain in command approves you, and you have no need to be ashamed.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

Paul's Command Over Self.—Acts 14. 8-20; 16. 22-40.

A Good Captain.—1 Samuel 24. 1-22.

TO LEARN:

“He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh
a city.” —Proverbs 16. 32.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Write three laws of your own village or town which you know and are careful to keep. Write three good laws for your school.

2. Write out a plan of work for the committee of which you are a member.

3. Find a small copy of the picture “Sir Galahad.” Tell why you like or do not like this picture. Find a poem by Tennyson called “Sir Galahad”; learn the first four lines.

4. Find and mount on a card or in your notebook a picture that suggests health, vigor, and self command. Perhaps you will choose Breton's “Song of the Lark,” since the young peasant girl in it has such alertness and strength. Learn the story of the picture. Where was it painted? Why is it called the song of the *lark* rather than of some other bird?

5. In the life of Jesus, as it is given in the four Gospels, find three or more verses that make you think Jesus was a man of strength and splendid health, one who loved the out-of-doors. What do you believe he would wish you to do in the way of building a strong body as the home of a clean mind and a brave spirit?

LESSON V

THE CLOCKS OF GNOSTER TOWN¹

GNOSTER TOWN, in the kingdom of Mundus, over the sea, had one great law, *time*. It was the promptest town you ever saw. The king's chief rule was; "Do what you ought to do when it ought to be done." So as you may easily guess, clocks in Gnofter Town were highly important and were to be found in great numbers, clocks of all descriptions—plain, fancy, large and small; clocks with long pendulums and with short ones; clocks that ticked loudly and clocks that ticked softly; clocks that ticked fast and clocks that ticked slowly. There were clocks on all the church towers. There was a clock over every factory door. There were clocks in all the schools and colleges. Every home had at least one clock. And as if all these were not enough, most persons carried individual time-pieces, at which each one looked now and then to be sure of the hour of day or night.

To Gnofter Town with its many clocks came one day a queer little man with a queer little name, Yunus. He too had his own timepiece in his pocket, and he was hurrying as fast as he could. He had been delayed and he was very hungry. His watch marked the hour of three, and as he knew dinner

¹ Adapted from poem of same title, by Edward Rowland Sill;—*Collected Poetical Works*. Used by special permission of publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

in Gnoster Town never waited, Yunus was somewhat troubled.

But as he came along the street, and saw all the people standing at their doors, each with watch in hand, waiting for the big town clocks to strike, Yunus was surprised to note that by these it was nearly noon.

"Which of all these clocks is the standard?" he asked a citizen.

"It is hard to keep them all running together," answered the man, "so once a week we strike an average and set them all by that."

"Humph!" retorted Yunus; "seems to me that is a doubtful and dangerous way to get the time. Do you happen to know that you are at least three hours slow?"

The citizen gasped and stared, and unable to answer a single word, turned and ran away in great alarm.

Then Yunus spoke to a boy: "Are the people of Gnoster Town crazy? Their clocks are three hours slow!"

The boy screamed and ran off calling loudly for everyone to come and drive away a man who dared say Gnoster time was wrong. The people poured out of the houses to chase and stone Yunus, who was glad enough to find a dark and quiet corner in which to hide until the disturbance had died down. Then he crept out and at length found a place to live; but it was long before the people of Gnoster Town forgot what he had said about their time; they pointed the finger at him, and called him wretch and unbeliever.

In spite of this, however, Yunus continued for



Photograph by Jean Gertrude Hutton

“The trail up the mountain was steep and rough; the mountain top was cold; the home in Gnoster Town seemed safe and comfortable.”

many weeks to follow his own watch. He slept when it told him the time to sleep. He woke when it gave the hour.

At first such a plan seemed good to Yunus. It was pleasant to be up three hours before anyone else stirred, to stand alone and watch the sun rise, to enjoy the birds and the flowers and the morning quiet. But it was a little lonely, too; Yunus began to tire of waiting three hours for breakfast. Besides, it was not comfortable to be pointed at as queer, to feel himself different from others, to be told always that his time was wrong while the town time must be right.

To be sure, all the dispute about correct time was foolish, as a reckoning from the sun would have settled the question, and any person could easily have made sure that his time was absolutely correct. But it was some trouble to take a reckoning, and each man felt his own time was right as it was.

Many and many a time Yunus said to himself: "To-morrow I will climb the mountain; I will build a fine straight dial; I will take a reckoning, and learn beyond all question what the true time is." But the trail was steep and rough; the mountain top was cold; the home in Gnoster Town seemed safe and comfortable; Yunus put off going from day to day.

After a time he began to wonder if he could be right in following his own time. "There are so many of them, and only one of me," he thought. "Is it likely that I have the true time, while the thousands have it wrong?"

Thinking in this way, he gradually lost his courage. He laid his watch on the shelf, and let the dust cover it. He went with the crowd. He bought

a business and made much money. At last he became winder of one of the public clocks. He followed the time of the town.

Perhaps you think this was the sensible thing to do; perhaps you think it made little difference at what hour the people rose or slept or ate. But the Lord of Mundus had another idea about it, and noted with much concern that his people were growing lazy. So he laid down a rule that every one should rise at six in the morning. Then in order to observe how this rule was kept, he traveled in disguise through the land.

You can guess what happened. Coming to Gnoster Town one morning well after eight, he found the people all fast asleep in bed, with every clock, big and little, ticking the time three hours slow.

The king was both sorry and angry that his people cared so little for his laws; and the teller of tales asserts that he laid a spell on them, so that they still sleep, Yunus with the rest.

Suppose Yunus had not gone with the crowd, but had dared to stand alone? On the morning when the Lord of Mundus paid his visit to Gnoster Town, Yunus would have been the one man awake and proving himself faithful to the royal command. Without doubt he would have been made a duke and given great honor. But he had feared to be one against the crowd.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

A Man Who Dared to Stand Alone.—Joshua 24. 1-28; note verse 15, last clause.

A Fearless Prophet Who Stood for God.—1 Kings 18. 20-40.

TO LEARN:

"My son, if sinners entice thee,
Consent thou not."

—Proverbs 1. 10.

"My son, forget not my law;
But let thy heart keep my commandments:
For length of days, and years of life,
And peace, will they add to thee."

—Proverbs 3. 1.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Make a list of times or places when it is hard to stand alone, but easy to go with the crowd. Write in your notebook a good rule to follow in such cases.

2. Think of a time when you or someone you knew "went with the crowd" for fear of being called "queer." What was gained by this? the respect of the crowd? happiness? self-respect?

3. Write the names of three or more people who were called "queer" at one time. You may begin your list with Roosevelt or Lincoln. How does the world think of these men to-day? How does it think of the crowd who called them queer?

4. Check in your record the way you have kept your Code of Health.

5. Study your town, or that part of it near your own home, to discover if there are conditions dangerous to good health which you may help to correct.

6. What good health practices can you aid in your school? If pupils are required to provide their own drinking cups, teach your mates how to make them from heavy white paper; your teacher will supply a pattern.

LESSON VI

THE LONE BRICK

BRICKS, bricks, bricks, in every direction. Shining, bright and clean, they lay in the sun of a spring day, every brick ready to do what all good bricks are meant to do. Every brick, did I say? Every brick but one, one lone brick at the edge of the pile.

Only a few months before, the bricks had not been bricks at all—they were mere masses of shapeless clay in a dark pit not far away. Men had come one day with spades and shovels, and had filled cart after cart with the clay which they dumped in great heaps into the brickyard. There it was left through all the cold winter months, now freezing into a solid mass, now thawing under the rays of a warm sun. Again and again it froze and thawed, froze and thawed, till not a single tiny clay particle was able to cling to a brother particle.

To make sure that no smallest lump was left, men then kneaded the heap of clay and worked it with great machines. Next they formed the clay into many oblong blocks and left these to dry in the sun. When each block had hardened somewhat, all were stacked in a great oven.

After the stacking was finished, men kindled a fire under the oven, and day after day, increased the heat until the baking was finished. The fire was allowed to die. The oven grew quite cold. Little by little the doors were opened. The oblongs

were taken out. They were no longer clay; they had been baked into bricks; they had been made for use; every brick was ready to do what all good bricks are meant to do—every brick, that is, but one!

A big box car rolled into the yard, and the master of the brickyard watched the packing of the bricks, and saw to it that straw was placed between and around them to keep them from rubbing one against another and so spoiling their fine appearance.

"I would like to know what will become of them all!" thought the master. "I suppose some will be built into stores and some into hospitals. Some will make walks and some will be fashioned into garden walls. But whatever they do, they will do well. They are good bricks, every one of them, and ready to do what all good bricks are meant to do."

You see, the master of the yard did not know about that one lone brick.

"I'd like to be made into a walk," said one brick, as the car rolled out of the yard. "It's such a grand thing to make an easier way for others to walk."

"I hope I will be built into a tall chimney," chuckled another; "I'd have such a fine chance to look down on the rest of you!" and it beamed good-naturedly at the thought.

"We will all work together, whatever happens," cried many of the bricks together. "That is what all good bricks are meant to do."

The lone brick thought it was high time to be heard.

"I intend," it began proudly, "to do my work by myself. I mean to keep myself to myself."

"Oh, no, no! Not that!" protested the others.

"Good bricks are meant to work together. One brick alone is of no use."

"We shall see about that," retorted the lone brick; and it began to look for a chance to start on its own way.

It would take long to tell what became of all the bricks. The one that wished to be built into a chimney had that wish granted. You may never have seen it, as it and its fellows stand so high in the air, but every time you see the smoke banners above your heads, you are glad that these bricks are doing what all good bricks are meant to do.

Nor have you ever seen the brick that wished to be made into a walk; for it was built into the support for a house, and along with its fellows, in the dark and damp, it is doing what all good bricks are meant to do.

And so with the others; in walls of hospitals and houses, of schools and of factories, they are standing together and taking the part of good bricks.

Would you like to know what happened to the lone brick? It, with many others, was carried to the edge of a beautiful garden to be built into a strong wall.

"What a fine task!" cried the bricks. "Let us stand firmly and hold hard. It is splendid to do what all good bricks are meant to do."

But as the bricklayer lifted the lone brick to a place in the wall, it slipped from his hand and fell to the walk that ran outside the garden.

"Never mind," said the workman; "it is a poor brick."

"I like that!" cried the brick in much indignation. "He thinks me good for nothing because my

fine points have been hidden by the crowds around me. I shall soon show him and the world as well what I can do by myself." So it waited, alone in the middle of the walk, for whatever might happen.

Presently out of the garden gate came a baby. He was running away, and great fun he thought it. He turned to see if the nurse was following him, and struck his little foot against the brick, falling and bumping his head. His cries of pain brought the nurse swiftly. "My precious one!" she exclaimed, picking him up. "What made you fall? Oh, I see! that wretched brick!" But in her hurry to soothe the baby's hurts, she did not take time to remove the brick from the walk; it continued to lie there twinkling and beaming as if proud of itself.

A messenger boy came riding by, so intent on the telegram he had to deliver that he did not see the brick until an ugly jolt nearly threw him off his wheel.

"What a place for a brick to be!" cried the boy. "Why aren't you in the wall with your fellows, doing what good bricks are meant to do? If I did not need to deliver this important message with all speed, I'd soon put you out of the way of busy people," and away he rode.

"You'd put me out of the way indeed!" muttered the brick. "You'd better have a care and take note of me!"

Slowly down the street came Grandfather leaning on his cane. His steps were feeble and his old eyes were so dim that he did not see the brick. His cane struck against it and fell from his hand, and only by painfully stooping and groping about could he recover it.

"At this rate," boasted the brick, "the world will soon find out that I am here."

A workman came hurrying by on his way home to dinner. He hit the brick so sharply with his foot that he cried out in pain.

"Who would expect to find a brick in the middle of the walk?" cried the man. "That is not where good bricks should be. Here you go, my fine fellow; at least you can do no harm here," and he laid the brick on the curb and passed on.

"I am certainly getting to be noticed," said the brick, trying to pretend great satisfaction. "This is much better than being one of many in that garden wall."

At that moment a huge truck came lumbering around the corner.

"What a fearful jolt I would give that truck if I were only in its way," thought the brick. Perhaps this idea so excited the brick that it lost its balance; or you may prefer to believe that the truck shook it off the curb. At any rate, it fell directly in the path of one of the big wheels. When the truck, quite undisturbed, had passed on, there was only a handful of red dust where the brick had been.

But in stores and hospitals, in schools and houses, high in the sunshine, and low under houses in damp and darkness, its fellows are standing together and doing what all good bricks are meant to do.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

Nabal, a Man Who Would Not Co-operate.—
I Samuel 25. 2-17.

Joseph, the Boaster.—Genesis 37. 3-24.

TO LEARN:

Doing nothing through faction or through vain-glory, but in lowliness of mind each counting other better than himself; not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others."—Philippians 2. 3, 4.

"In love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one to another; in honor preferring one another."
—Romans 12. 10.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Act out the story of "The Lone Brick."
2. Write two or three places, at home or in school, where you may help by working with others, as most of the bricks helped.
3. The French painter Emil Renouf has given us a picture called "The Helping Hand." Try to find it for your notebook. It shows a little girl beside her grandfather in a big rowboat. Both her tiny hands are pushing on the great oar. Her earnest little face shows that she is sure she is doing much to help the old man. How is she helping? Is it by putting her puny strength against the oar?
4. Another helping picture you will like was painted by an American, Winslow Homer. It is named "All's Well." Find it if you can. An old sailor in oilskins is standing below a great bell, calling "All's Well!" What does he mean? How is the bell to be used? How is the sailor helping? Who is he helping? Find the hymn¹ beginning "The ships glide in at the harbor's mouth." Read the first stanza. Read, too, the first stanza of

¹Hymn 50, *Hymnal for American Youth*.

the hymn² "Far out on the desolate billow." Tell how the man in the picture helps the ships and the sailors on the billow.

5. Find any other helping pictures, and write a short story about each.

6. In order to be ready to enjoy your lesson for to-morrow, find and read the story of the building of a wall; it is in Nehemiah. Read chapter 1, verses 1-3; chapter 2, verses 1-8; chapter 4, verses 1-6.

7. Learn Nehemiah 4. 6.

²Hymn 62, *Hymnal for American Youth*.

LESSON VII

HOW THE FIRE HAZARD WAS CLEARED

"AND so the wall was builded," finished Miss Carr, "because the people had a mind to work."

"Now, I wonder," thought Jack, "why she told us that story. I liked the one about the four princes and their grit; it's ever so much easier for me to peg away at my daily chores when I remember that doing that sort of thing made David ready to fight the giant; but surely Miss Carr does not expect that we will ever need to build a wall to defend our homes!"

Jack was still puzzling over the story when the schoolroom door opened and Mr. Scott, the play director, ushered in Fireman Harney from the station around the corner. All the boys and girls of the Junior Department of the Walton Vacation Church School came to eager attention.

"This is something like it!" thought Jack, and he listened with much interest to the thrilling stories of fires and grew quite excited over the working of the model fire alarm which the fireman had brought with him.

"We have been fortunate in Walton in that we have had no serious fire for some years," went on Fireman Harney, as he laid aside the model, "and you boys can help us in keeping up this fine record, if you will watch for and report, or clear up your-

selves, any fire hazards. This is the dry season, when the danger is the greatest. Lots and yards overgrown with weeds and cluttered with dry rubbish are real hazards to the safety of the city, and we need your help in locating and removing them."

"How about it, fellows?" asked Mr. Scott. "Shall we have a look about to see if there are fire hazards in the town?"

A shout of approval answered him, and in five minutes all the boys were off, under his direction, marching up one street and down another. At first it looked as if Walton were such a clean and well-kept town that it had no fire hazards at all, but as the group approached the outskirts of the village they came upon a yard in which the weeds were growing higher than the heads of the boys. Every weed was as dry as tinder, for the spring rains were long past.

"Suppose a spark from a cigar or a lighted match were to fall into those weeds, that little wooden cottage with its shingle roof and dry siding would burn as quick as a pile of kindling," cried the boys.

"Why doesn't the owner clean it up?" asked one.

"Let's report it right away," suggested another.

"I think the lady who lives here is both sick and poor," said Jack. "My grandmother sent me here on an errand once. Let's send Mr. Scott and Tom as a committee to her to ask if she'd like to have us clean it for her."

"That's a good idea," the boys agreed; "all in favor say Yes!"

A few minutes later Tom and Mr. Scott reported that the old lady who owned the lot was too poor to hire it cleaned and too weak to clean it herself,

and that she was only too glad to have the class do it for her. So it was arranged that every boy should come to school the following morning ready to do the work.

You should have seen the Walton people staring at the junior boys as they marched from the church to the lot the next morning, each one with a hoe, a rake, or a shovel over his shoulder. You should have seen the vim and energy with which they attacked those weeds. It was hot, hard work; the weeds were dusty; the yard that looked so small at first glance seemed to grow larger every minute. Faces grew grimy with dust and streaked with perspiration.

But not a single boy suggested stopping. Little by little the weeds were cut and piled. Jack had brought pruning shears, and the owner was glad to have the vines and bushes trimmed. Ned and Dick discovered the cellar needed cleaning, and with two other boys went to work at this. Tom and Fred broke up a big pile of wood that was lying by the back fence, and piled it neatly in the little shed. Then Mr. Scott fired the rubbish pile, and the boys stood about, watching it burn while they mopped heated faces.

"There come the girls!" suddenly exclaimed Jack. "What are they doing down here?"

"Oh, I know! I know!" Tom yelled in glee. "I wondered why my mother was squeezing so many lemons this morning." And I leave you to guess who enjoyed that ice-cold lemonade more, the thirsty boys who drank it or the smiling girls who served it.

The Junior Department of the Walton Vacation Church School was assembled the following morn-

ing for the story period. Miss Carr turned with a smile to the girls, saying: "You will remember the story of how they built the wall that I told you yesterday. Suppose you recite for us the memory verse; you may give it in the twentieth-century form, if you wish."

And very promptly the girls recited in unison: "So the fire hazard was cleared, for the boys had a mind to work."

"So that was what that story meant," said Jack to himself. "Wasn't I stupid about it? It isn't the wall-building or the weed-clearing that counts the most; it's the mind to work, and to work with other people."

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

The Building of a Tent Church.—Exodus 35. 20 to 36. 7.

"The Palace Made by Music," in *Why the Chimes Rang*, Raymond MacDonald Alden.

TO LEARN:

Psalm 133.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Answer these questions about the building of the wall:

What was Nehemiah's plan?

What was the best part of his plan?

Where are you going to try the plan?

2. Make a map of your town, your ward, or your own block. Mark on it places which you can help to make safer or more beautiful by clearing away

weeds or trash, cutting grass, or planting flowers and shrubs.

3. Plan for a visit to a fire house to inspect the equipment. Ask one of the firemen to visit your class.

4. Plan a visit to some shop or factory, and see how the owner cares for the refuse. For example, if you go to a printery, you will probably find that the owner bales the trimmings from the paper; why is this done? Is it merely to make it convenient to handle?

LESSON VIII

NO SHARE

ONCE upon a time a people living in a fair and happy land not unlike our own decided to build a city.

"Let us make it the most beautiful city in the world," they said.

When the Mayor heard what his people were planning he called them together in a great council. He was young and eager, with such kindly ways that all his people loved him and were ready to work as he might direct.

"Each one," said the Mayor, "must have that part in the building of our city which he can do best."

So he began with the oldest and the strongest, and asked each what he could do for the city.

"We," said the architects and the engineers, "will plan the buildings and lay the streets."

"We," cried the carpenters, "will build the houses and the schools that the architects plan."

"We," chorused the fathers together, "will give of our time and our strength in whatever place may need us."

"We," sang the mothers, "will nourish and comfort and care for our husbands and our children that they may carry on their work."

"What can *you* do?" asked the Mayor a bit doubtfully, as he came to the children.

"Oh, we will laugh and sing, we will play and make every one merry," chimed the children. "Even the babies can help. And we can all grow!"

"Why, so you can!" agreed the Mayor. "Your part is a most important one."

So the people went their ways to build the city, and soon each was busy at his chosen task; each one, that is, except a baby boy who whined and fretted from morning till night, and a baby girl who cried so lustily that she drowned the sweet cooing of all the babies near her.

Had these two babies been ill or uncomfortable, no pains would have been spared to make them well; but it was hard to be sorry for them when they were being disagreeable for no reason at all. However, their fathers and mothers were patient, and often said, "Soon the babies will grow up, and then matters will be better."

It was not long before the two children were able to run about and play with others of their own age, and little by little they ceased to cry and scream. They were still unhappy, since neither ever wished to play as did the others, and each was always determined to have the best place.

While all the children were growing up, the building of the city was going on. Streets were taking shape. Houses and schools and churches were rising along the avenues. Boys and girls were growing taller every day, and it was not long before the Mayor summoned to his house all those who had been babies when the city was founded, that they might receive their birthday presents.

For a delightful custom was followed in the coun-

try. Whenever a baby came to bless the home of any of the people, the Mayor put in his own treasure chest a gift for the child, to be kept for him till he was about twelve years old. Then he was summoned, with his companions, to receive his gift at the hands of the Mayor.

You can imagine with what eagerness the children received these gifts; it is such a wonderful thing to have a gift meant for none other than yourself. Some were speechless with delight; others laughed and sang in their joy.

"Brushes and a palette!" cried one. "I shall paint such splendid pictures!"

"Mine is a pen," said another, "and I shall write stories to delight the whole world."

"A needle for mine; my task will be to help clothe our splendid workers," said another.

There is no time to tell of all the gifts: telescopes and microscopes, dolls, flowers, brooms, shovels, bags of money, cases of books—the variety was endless. It mattered not what the gift was, the children all turned away with the one purpose of putting it to instant use; all, that is, except the one boy and girl.

When the girl opened her package and found in it a silver thimble, she exclaimed, "What can I ever do with that?" Forgetting the needs of many people about her, she wrapped the thimble and put it away on the highest shelf of her closet.

The boy's gift was a curious pipe of wood and silver. "What may this be?" he asked, scornfully.

"It is meant for you to finish," explained a companion. "See, you can carve it a bit here, and

bend it a little there, then you can blow the most beautiful notes! Do try it; its silver tones will blend so well with my violin and this harp!"

"Not much of a gift, I think!" said the boy with a disagreeable shrug. Without taking time to shape it properly or to learn how to use it, he blew upon it till it gave forth shrill and ugly sounds; he took a clumsy hammer and pounded away at the pipe till its delicate silver was battered and the polished wood was split and marred.

Year after year went by; at last the city was finished. The Mayor decreed a day of great rejoicing. "Every one," so he spoke, "has had a share in the building of the city; let every one have a share in the feasting."

The Mayor himself was an old man by this time; his hair was quite white, but the light in his eye and his smile were unchanged, and he entered heartily with his people into the rejoicing.

In the midst of the celebrating an officer came reluctantly to the Mayor. "Sire," he said, "I am sorry to tell you that I have found two people who are not happy to-day."

"*Not happy?*" cried the Mayor in astonishment. "Not happy on this our day of rejoicing? How can that be? Bring them to me!"

Before the Mayor and his court came an old man and an old woman, our boy of the pipe, our girl of the thimble. Silent and ashamed they waited for his word.

"Tell me," he asked at length, "why you are unhappy?"

"Because we had no share in the building of the city," they murmured.

"No share!" cried the astonished Mayor. "Did you not receive your gifts at the appointed time?"

"Mine I never used," murmured the woman.

"I spoiled mine," muttered the man.

A shocked exclamation ran around the court. "How wicked!" cried the people. "The Mayor will surely punish them severely."

The Mayor lifted his head and looked with pity on the two unhappy ones. Then he spoke to his people:

"Punish them?" he asked. "Are they not already punished? They have had no share in the building of the city."

All the people nodded in agreement. "No share in the building! That is punishment indeed! No share! No share!"

The bells in the steeples tolled, "No share!"

The doves on the roof mourned, "No share!"

Even the wind among the leaves sighed, "No share!"

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

Jonah, the Man Who Did Not Wish to Work With God.—Jonah 1.

Repairing the House of God.—2 Chronicles 24. 8-14; 31. 4-10.

TO LEARN:

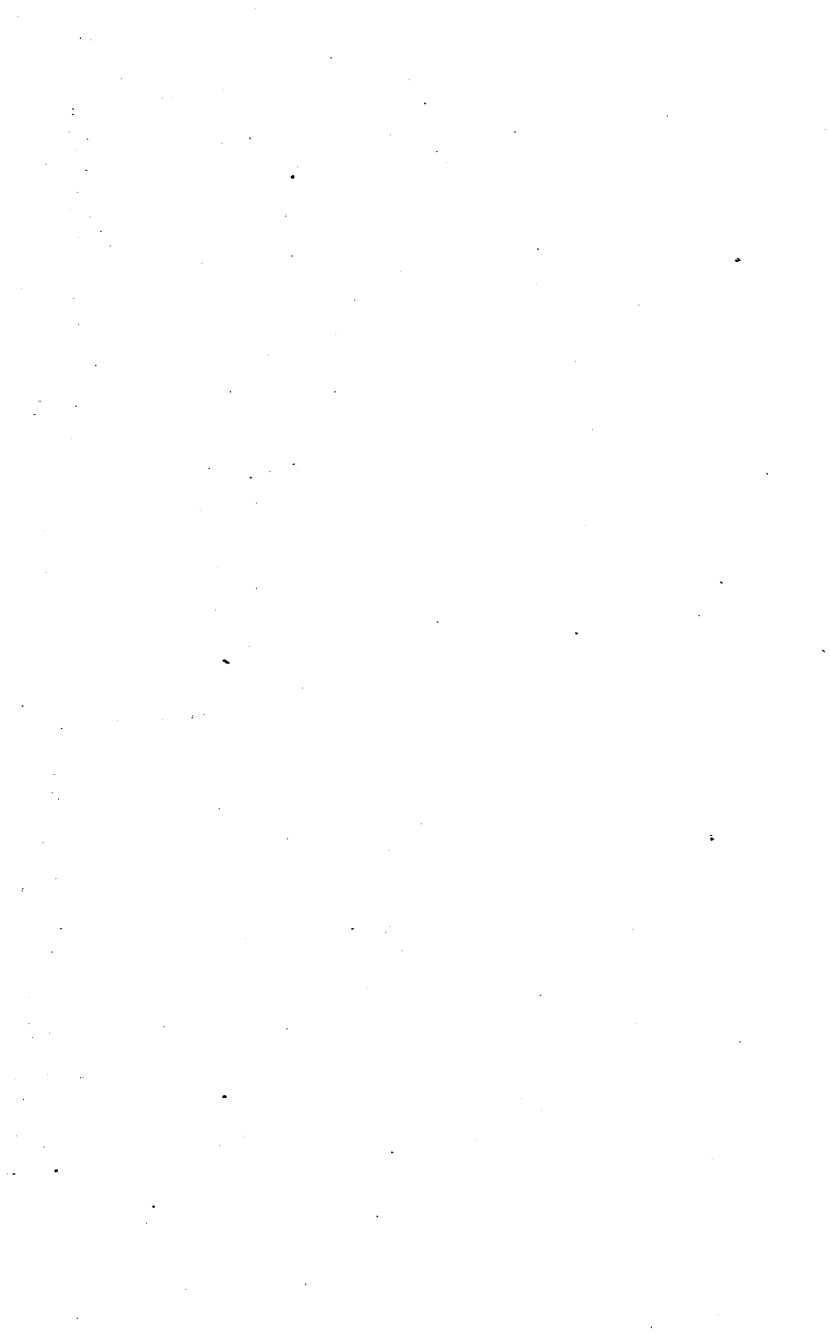
With my whole heart have I sought thee:

Oh let me not wander from thy commandments."

—Psalm 119. 10.

or,

"And now, Israel, what doth Jehovah thy God require of thee, but to fear Jehovah thy God, to





Photograph by Marjorie Bentley

SHARING

A summer time Christmas tree. All the gifts have been made or earned by the children of the school, who are resting after their Christmas songs, before packing the gifts to send away.

walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve Jehovah thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, to keep the commandments of Jehovah, and his statutes?"—Deuteronomy 10. 12, 13.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Find a way of sharing in making the school a happier one. Perhaps you need a new game to play; here is one you can make. Prepare a heavy pad by sewing newspapers together with grocer's cord. Using crayon, a carpenter's big pencil, or paint; mark on the pad the lines that indicate a football field or a base ball diamond. Use disks of wood, iron washers, pebbles, or bean bags for the balls, and play the game by the usual rules, throwing your "balls" into the proper spaces.

2. Make a set of tenpins for your small brother or sister, or a friend. To do so, cover mailing tubes with pretty wall paper, scraps of gay gingham or cretonne, or the gay pictures you can cut from magazines. The pins may be set up on the floor of a long hall, on a walk, or on the floor of the play room. If you choose a soft rubber ball to complete the set, the game will be almost noiseless, and will last a long time.

LESSON IX

PICTURES IN A TELEPHONE

"Oh, dear!" sighed Jack, dolefully, as he watched the storm beat against the window and lash the trees wildly; "I've read all my books, and played all my games, and I have nothing to do, not even a single interesting thing to look at!"

"Quick! Look at this!" cried mother from the table where she was writing.

Jack turned swiftly, but his face fell as he saw the object his mother was pushing toward him.

"Now, mother!" he cried, reproachfully, "that's not interesting, that's just a plain black telephone."

"My poor half-blind boy!" said mother with pity in her voice.

"Blind!" exclaimed Jack. "I can see perfectly," and he opened his eyes very wide.

Mother looked doubtful. "With your outside eyes, perhaps," she said, "but not with your mind eyes, or you would never call a telephone uninteresting. It has more pictures connected with it than I could give you in a whole day."

"Oh-h-h," said Jack, slowly, "I think I know what you mean," and a smile began to creep over his face.

Mother smiled back. "See how many pictures you can find in fifteen minutes; then I will be through with my writing, and will help you," she said.

Jack dropped on the window seat, drew up his knees to rest his chin on them, and shut his eyes as tight as ever he could. After a minute or two, he opened them to reach for a paper and pencil to write "Forest and poles." Again he shut his eyes and again he wrote, and soon the pictures were coming almost faster than he could write them down.

"What a long list!" cried mother, when her last letter was finished and she came to sit beside Jack. "Tell me about some of the pictures."

"First," began Jack, eagerly, "there is the forest picture with the men cutting and trimming the poles; then there is the one father and I saw, when we took that long trolley ride last Saturday, of all the smooth poles lying in the yard with the fresh paint drying on them; next, the setting of poles—you know I saw the men do that on our street last fall, and one of them told me about the new wheel he was going to buy for his boy with the money he was earning. Then there is the one of the man who strapped the big spurs on his shoes and climbed the poles to fasten the wires."

"You have written 'monkeys' here too," said mother. "Do tell me how monkeys come into a telephone picture!"

"Oh, that's a funny one," chuckled Jack. "Our teacher told us the other day that in some country—I think it must be India, where monkeys are common—the telephone people have all sorts of trouble keeping the lines in working order because the monkeys are always climbing the poles and stealing the little shiny caps around which the wires are wrapped."

Mother laughed at the picture of the curious monkeys, and Jack demanded: "You tell one now, mother."

"Your pictures are splendid," said mother, "and you can go on adding to them when I tell you that while our telephone was 'made in America,' every continent, and almost every country on the globe, gave something for its construction. Minerals, for example, that are necessary, come from Europe and South America, as well as from our own mines. Australia sends wool and Africa cotton, while we get from Asia the mica and shellac that are needed."

"Think of all the people that help to make just one telephone!" cried Jack, as he touched on his little globe the places mother named.

"Yes, indeed, they are many," agreed mother. "Picture the Japanese man who prepares the silk that covers the cord, for one."

"He wears a sandal with a place for the big toe," said Jack, shutting his eyes again, "and a long loose robe."

"Now the British Indian, who mines the mica," went on mother.

"He won't need many clothes in that hot country," said Jack.

"The Russian who takes out the platinum," prompted mother.

"I see *him*," cried Jack. "He wears a long blouse belted at the waist, and big strong boots."

"Then there is the Irishman," said mother, "who grows the flax for the fine paper that goes into the condenser, and the Egyptian who raises certain kinds of cotton that can be obtained in no other land. There is the Brazilian who gets the rubber

for the case of the receiver; the coal miner of Pennsylvania and the gold miner of Alaska, for every telephone has some gold in its make-up."

"All those people to make one telephone," said Jack. "No wonder you said you had pictures enough for a whole day, mother."

"That is not all yet," she replied. "I have hinted at the numbers of people who help, but you must know that all three 'kingdoms' have been called on for aid, also."

"You mean the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms, mother?" queried Jack. "I know the mineral kingdom contributes the gold, the platinum and the iron."

"As well as the nickel and tin, along with other minerals not so common," said mother. "Flax and cotton are certainly vegetable products, are they not?"

"Yes," agreed Jack, "but what about the animal kingdom?"

"Silk made by the busy little worm, and wool grown on the back of our good friend the sheep, both come from the animal kingdom," reminded mother. "Then the shellac is produced by minute insects that are found in countless numbers in India. Do you still feel like calling it a 'plain black telephone'?"

"No, indeed, mother," answered Jack. "If this storm lasts a week, I have enough interesting questions to look up and study to keep me busy every minute."

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

"Our Daily Bread," in *Our Wonderful World*, by Emily L. Howe.

"The Making of Our Country's Flag," in *Health Training in Schools*, by Theresa Dansdill. The story is taken from Franklin K. Lane's speech to government employees at Washington.

TO LEARN:

"The members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it; or *one* member is honored, all the members rejoice with it."—1 Corinthians 12. 25b, 26.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Select any article that you use every day, and try to find how many people had a part in making it.

2. Write the story of "The Life of My Book," or "How My Dress Came to Me," or "The Making of a Pair of Shoes."

3. "Co-operation" is a long word with a splendid meaning. Look it up in the dictionary and learn about it.

4. Write three examples of co-operation which you have seen.

5. You have read how a telephone instrument is made. Try to visit a telephone center and see how the telephone system works. Write about co-operation which you find in the center.

6. Write two ways in which you can co-operate with the telephone workers.

7. Find a copy of Rosa Bonheur's picture, "The Horse Fair," and put it in your notebook. Whenever you look at the picture, think of the stable men and grooms who were so interested in the

young woman working hard to make a fine picture that they helped her by leading out their horses and getting them into exactly the places and positions that the artist wished.

8. Read Hymn 225, *Hymnal for American Youth*. Note with care the second stanza. Ask your teacher to explain any part that you do not understand. What place must co-operation have in the building of "the glorious golden city"?

LESSON X

THROUGH THICK AND THIN

ONCE in the land of Canaan there was no rain for many months. Famine came upon the land; there was little for man or beast to eat. But in the land of Moab rain was plentiful and fields were green. So it came about that a man named Elimelech took his wife, Naomi, and his two sons, and crossed the river to live in Moab. Probably they thought some day to return to the land of Canaan and to their friends there, when the famine had passed by. But for some time they were happy in Moab, and did not go back to their old home.

After a time trouble came to them; sickness fell upon the father and he died.

Naomi and her sons still lived on in Moab; the boys grew to be men; each married a girl of Moab. After that happened, Naomi thought less and less of going back to Canaan.

There came a sad day when both sons died; Naomi had now neither husband nor son, though she had two daughters-in-law, whom she dearly loved. But she was getting to be an old woman, and her memories turned back to the land of her birth. The longer she thought of the old home and the old friends the more homesick she felt. Finally she said to her daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah, "I am going back to live in Bethlehem."

"We will go with you," they said.

So the three women set out along the road toward Bethlehem. Perhaps Naomi did not expect Ruth and Orpah to go far with her. According to the custom of the country, they may have been showing politeness by going part of the way to make the trip less lonely for Naomi.

After the three had gone some distance together, Naomi turned to the young women, and spoke: "Say good-by now and return to your homes. You have been kind and loving to me; may Jehovah reward you for it. May he send you happiness and success. Good-by, good-by!"

Both Ruth and Orpah felt sad indeed as they thought of all the happy times they had shared with Naomi. They knew they were not likely to see her again, and they cried together with her at the parting.

"We will not leave you," they said.

"Do not come further with me," said Naomi. "I am a poor old woman. I may have no home when I reach Bethlehem. I may need to beg my bread. Do not come with me. Go back to your own land and to your friends, and may God be good to you."

Then Orpah, weeping bitterly, kissed her mother-in-law, and turned back to her own land.

But Ruth refused to go back. Perhaps before she left home she had decided to go all the way with Naomi. Perhaps when she saw how lonely the poor woman looked she could not bear to leave her. She thought: "I have shared the happy times with Naomi; shall I not share the sad ones? She is old and weak and sorrowful; she needs me more than ever before." So Ruth decided to stay with

Naomi through thick and thin. When Naomi insisted that Ruth turn back, Ruth said:

"Entreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; Jehovah do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Then Naomi knew that Ruth was determined to stay with her, and together they went on till they came to Bethlehem.

Do you think it took courage and loyalty on Ruth's part to go with Naomi? Perhaps she found it harder than she expected, for Naomi had no money. To get food Ruth had to go into the fields of Bethlehem, and gather the handfuls of barley that the reapers overlooked or let fall.

Now it happened that Ruth went to glean in the fields of a rich man named Boaz. He was a distant relative of Elimelech. When he saw the strange young woman in his fields he asked who she was.

"Her name is Ruth," he was told. "She has come from Moab with her mother-in-law, Naomi. She refused to leave the old woman in her loneliness."

"Treat the young woman kindly," directed Boaz, "and let some of your barley fall for her." When lunch time came he called Ruth to come and share with the others. Ruth put aside a part of the good lunch to take to Naomi, and so kind were the reapers that she had a fine pile of grain to carry home.

Naomi was happy to know that Ruth had been treated so well. Day after day Ruth went to the

fields of Boaz to glean. As he watched her he came to admire her for her modest ways and for her kindness to Mother Naomi; and after a time he married her. Naomi went to live with Boaz and Ruth, and once more happy days came to her.

The best of her happiness came when God sent a baby son to Ruth and Boaz. They named the baby Obed, and he became the grandfather of David, who later was king of Israel. Do you remember the hymn beginning "Hail to the Lord's anointed, great David's greater Son"? You know "the Lord's anointed" means Jesus; this will help you to remember that Ruth was an ancestress of Jesus, who came to bring the good news of the gospel to the Jews, and through them, to all the world. So Ruth, in staying with her mother-in-law through hard times, came to play a part in the world's most wonderful story.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

How the King Was Saved.—Esther 2. 21-23 and Chapter 6.

How a Young Man Saved His Uncle.—Acts 23. 12-25.

TO LEARN:

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right."—Ephesians 6. 1.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Think of the times when it is hard for you to do as mother or father wishes you to do. Can you find a courage like Ruth's, to take the hard part? Then write father or mother a note, saying: "I will

try to practice for a month without being told." "I will take care of my room and keep it neat." "I will run your errands without being cross." Each of you will know the promise of help you can make!

2. Find a copy of Millet's picture, "The Gleaners." You will remember that it was painted in France, and shows three French peasants gleaning; but it will help you to understand a little better that part of Ruth's story that tells of her gleaning in the fields of Boaz. Suppose you wished to tell someone who could not see the picture what it shows; what would you say?

LESSON XI

FROM SLINGER TO CHAMPION

It was lonely and not a little dull out on the hillside. David, the young shepherd lad, had practiced for a long time hitting a mark with a sling; he had led his sheep to a quiet watering place, and then to a spot where the freshest grass was growing; he had played on his harp and sung all his favorite songs; and now that his flock was resting quietly in the shade, he was dreaming of the war and of the army in which his brothers were fighting.

"I wish I were old enough to go too!" he thought. "It would be much more interesting and exciting to fight the Philistines than to care for these timid sheep and to drive off a wild animal now and then. I'd like to help chase the enemies who are trying to take from us the land that Jehovah gave our fathers."

The lad's eyes flashed as he dreamed of the great deeds to be done, and he had almost forgotten his sheep, when a frightened movement among them roused him. "Ho there, Whiteface!" he cried, springing to his feet. "What disturbs you?"

Even as the words left his lips David had his answer, for his quick eye discovered a slinking form crouched on a rock near the sheep. Choosing a smooth round stone from a small bag he wore at his side, and fitting it in the sling as he ran, David

took good aim. He had practiced long hours to be ready for just such a time as this. His arm was strong and steady. Whirling the sling about his head, he sent the stone crashing into the side of the mountain lion that was about to carry off the finest lamb of the flock.

With a cry of pain the animal dropped its prey and tried to run. But David was upon it in an instant; he smote it and killed it. The lamb was frightened but unhurt. When David drove the flock to the fold he could say to his father: "All the sheep and lambs are here, every one. I have cared for them well."

"David is a faithful lad; I can trust him," said Father Jesse.

One day David led his flock through a rocky pass to a cool resting place. At a narrow spot in the pass a hungry bear jumped from the bushes and tried to carry off a fine fat sheep. Again David was on the watch; he was remembering the promise he had given his father to care for the sheep. Again his aim was true; his arm was steady and strong as he whirled his sling about his head. He took the sheep from the mouth of the bear. When he drove the flock home, he could tell his father that not a single one was missing.

"David does not forget his trust," said Father Jesse. "He is always faithful."

As day by day went by, and no news from the brothers fighting in the king's army came to the hillside home, Jesse grew anxious. He decided to send David to learn how matters went with his sons, and with the king himself. How excited David was to be going to the army, even if but on an

errand! Perhaps he might see a battle; certainly he would hear some wonderful stories of fighting and victory. He found a keeper for the sheep, and set out, carrying with him a package of food for his brothers and a present to their captain. Father Jesse was not afraid to send David; he knew the young slinger was to be trusted.

When David came to the army he found the soldiers of Israel camped on one side of a valley, while the Philistines were camped on the other side. David had not been in the camp long before a huge Philistine soldier came out on the hillside above the stream and dared King Saul's men to come over and fight him. He was remarkably tall and remarkably strong, and he wore huge and heavy armor.

"Come over and fight me!" he called. "I dare you to send over one man to fight me. If I kill him, your army must become our slaves. If he kills me, we will be your slaves. I dare you to come over and fight."

David waited to see which soldier would go out from King Saul's army; perhaps it would be one of his own brothers. How surprised he was to find that not one dared meet the giant Goliath, the huge Philistine soldier!

"He has called across to us in this manner for many days," said one frightened soldier. "He is so tall and strong that one of our men would have no chance against him. The handle of his spear is as large as a weaver's beam."

"Is not Jehovah our God?" demanded David. "Will he not fight for us? Why do you fear this boasting Philistine? I am not afraid; I will go to fight him."

Word was brought to King Saul that one person not afraid of the giant had been found. Saul sent for him, but he was much disappointed when, instead of a tall and mighty warrior, only a shepherd slinger from the hills stood before him.

"You cannot go to fight the giant," cried the king. "You are only a boy!"

Then David told the king how he had killed the lion and the bear that came to take away his father's sheep; he declared that Goliath would soon be like one of those prowling animals, for God would protect the Israelite who went out against him. Saul at last consented to let David go across the valley to meet the giant, when he called his challenge to the Israelites the next day.

David put on his simple shepherd's coat. He tied his pocket by his side. His sling was in his hand. As he came to the brook in the valley he stopped and chose five smooth stones out of the bed of the stream.

The great giant, calling his haughty words of daring, looked up and saw coming to meet him a mere boy, and he grew angry; he began to laugh and jeer. "I," he boasted, "I am a mighty warrior; you are not even a soldier; you are a child. Come over the brook and I will give you to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air."

David was not afraid. He went forward firmly, saying: "You come to me with a sword and a spear and a javelin. I come to you in the name of Jehovah, whom you have defied. The battle is Jehovah's. He will fight for us, and give you into our hands."

Then David fitted one of the smooth stones into his sling. His arm was steady and strong, and his

aim was true. Whirling the sling around his head, he sent the stone crashing into the forehead of the giant, and down fell Goliath to the earth.

When the Philistines saw that their great man was beaten, they were terribly frightened, and ran away. But David, the slinger boy who had kept his promise to his father and done well the daily duties, was praised as the champion of Israel who had saved the day by putting the enemy to flight.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

The Faithful Servants.—Luke 19. 12-19.

On the Watch.—Matthew 24. 42-51.

TO LEARN:

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.”—Revelation 2. 10.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Write a list of your daily tasks; first, a list of the things you like to do, then a list of the things you do not like to do.

2. This is a rule that a teacher gave a class many years ago. Copy it in your notebook; think about it; and if you think it is a good rule, letter it prettily on a card and hang where it will help you to keep it:

If you do not have what you like to do,

Like what you have to do.

3. As you work at this rule, see how many of the tasks in the “do-not-like” list of number 1 you can put over into the “do-like” list.

4. Look up the story of Colonel Waring and his “White Wings,” the street cleaners of New York City, and learn how they changed a task that they

despised into one for which they were honored and respected.

5. A junior boy and his brothers were once sent by their father to clear a piece of land of the stones that were on it. One of the boys grumbled; the other turned the work into a game, and played that he was gathering nuggets of gold. Find a way of turning one of your tasks into fun.

6. Two junior girls disliked washing and wiping the dishes. One of them had the bright idea of making gay aprons, and dish towels with plates and cups romping over them like funny gnomes. Look for a way to make your least-liked task gay and jolly. Another junior girl thinks it is more fun to hang the wet cloths on the line when she can take the clothes pins from a bag with sunny yellow binding; across the front of the bag are embroidered several clothespins, made to look like little men with thin arms and legs. Each wears a mask, like a bandit; the bag is the home of "The Hold-Up Men." Perhaps you can think out an amusing rime or a name to make some other bit of work interesting.

LESSON XII

FRIENDS INDEED

Not long after David had won the victory over the giant Goliath, he was summoned to leave his flocks and to make his home in the court of King Saul. This was a great change for a lad who had spent his life as a shepherd boy on the hills of Judæa. But David behaved himself so wisely that he soon made many friends, and perhaps he thought this was the best part of the new life. Of all the new friends none was so dear to David, not one loved David so tenderly, as did Jonathan, Saul's own son. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." It mattered not at all to the king's son that David had little money and few fine clothes, and that he never before had been in a king's court. He loved David, and he wished all the world to know it.

To show his friendship Jonathan did what people in that land sometimes yet do—he took off his own royal robe and laid it around David's shoulders; he tied on his rich girdle around David's waist; he fastened his sword at David's side; he put his own bow in David's hand. After that, anyone seeing David would say:

"See, he is the friend, the best friend of Jonathan, for he wears Jonathan's cloak and girdle, his sword and his bow."

At first this friendship did not displease King Saul, for he too liked David. But one day he heard the singers, who were celebrating a victory, praising David. They sang:

"Saul has slain his thousands
And David his ten thousands."

This song made Saul angry and jealous. "They give David credit for killing ten thousands of men; to me, the king, they give credit for thousands only. They think he is braver than I am. Perhaps some day they will wish to make him king. Perhaps he is counting on being king some day." So he began to suspect David and to watch him unkindly.

Now, for some time the king had been suffering from an illness much like insanity, and to listen to David's playing on the harp soothed Saul. One day not long after he had listened to the singers' praise of David, the king felt so ill and disturbed that his friends sent for David to play for the sick man. As David played, Saul watched him, and the wicked thought grew: "This is my chance to kill him!" Twice he flung his spear at David, and twice David dodged the spear, saying to himself: "The poor king is very ill to-day!" But Saul thought: "Twice I have missed him! That means that God has forsaken me; it means that God is protecting David."

This made Saul more angry than ever, and he tried by plotting and trickery to have David killed. He even demanded of Jonathan and his officers that they kill David. Jonathan reminded his father of all that David had done, and was able to coax him to think no more of hurting David, but to allow him to come back to the court.

For a time matters went better. Then the king's illness came upon him again, and he tried so hard to kill David that David knew his life was not safe and he fled from the insane king.

Jonathan could not believe that his father hated David so bitterly. He insisted that Saul was not trying to harm his friend.

But David knew better. "The king hides it from you because you are my friend, but I tell you there is but a step between me and death," he said.

Then Jonathan made a plan by which he could find out the truth. Before he left to carry this out, he and David walked in the field, talking very earnestly together. Jonathan promised faithfully to tell David just what he might find out, and he asked David to promise in his turn that he would be true to Jonathan and to Jonathan's children, no matter what might happen. David gave his promise, and Jonathan went to the court to talk to his father.

Saul was so angry at Jonathan for talking about David that he threw his spear at Jonathan; so there could be no doubt about his feeling; and the king's son went sadly back to the waiting David. They said farewell to each other, weeping bitterly, and renewing their promises before David went away into hiding. Never again did David see Jonathan alive, for one sad day news was brought to him that both Saul and Jonathan had been killed in battle. David wrote a beautiful hymn of mourning to show his sorrow; you may read it in the first chapter of Second Samuel.

David did not forget his promise of friendship to Jonathan's family, and as soon as he could do so, he sent to find if any of Jonathan's children were

living. He learned that one son, who because of a fall when a baby was lame in both feet, was still living. David was happy to know that even one of Jonathan's family was left, to whom he might show kindness. He sent at once for the little lame prince, gave land to his servants to till for him, and asked the prince himself to live at the king's court and to eat at the king's table. So David showed himself a true friend and keeper of his word.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

Two Loyal Men.—Numbers 13; 14. 26-30.

Keeping His Word to His Helpers; the story of Livingstone's loyalty to his men, in *Livingstone the Pathfinder*. Chapters VII and VIII, Matthews.

TO LEARN:

"Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you."—John 15. 14.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Look up in the dictionary the meaning of the word "loyal." Explain to someone else what it means to be loyal. When you are loyal to your friends, how do you treat them? How do you speak of them when you are not with them? What do you do when they are in trouble? When is it easiest to be loyal to family and friends?

2. The "Story of Sonny Sahib," by Mrs. Everard Cotes, is the tale of a lad who found himself in danger and difficulty, but who refused to be disloyal to those who had cared for him. Try to find the story and read it.

3. Ask your librarian for a book called "Famous

Pictures," by Charles L. Barstow. In this you will find a copy of a picture named "When Did You Last See Your Father?" It is of the days when freedom of worship and thinking had not come. A group of stern Puritans are facing a Royalist boy, and asking him the question. He is trembling and afraid; yet he is bold and stands firmly. He knows that to tell the truth may cause his father's death; what will he do? He has been taught to tell the truth. It is a hard place in which he had been put. You will feel sure that he will not lie; you will be just as sure that he will not betray his father. Study the picture and write its story in your notebook.

4. Write one way in which you can show loyalty to your family; one way to show it to your friends; one way to show it to your school.

LESSON XIII

UNCLE BEN'S BOX

"UNCLE BEN has his old sign, 'Boy wanted' in the window again," said Ned to his two friends, as they walked down Riverside's main street one Saturday morning.

"I suppose he will keep the fellow who gets the place a week," grinned Hugh.

"Think I'm almost the only boy in town that hasn't filled that place," said Frank. "Wonder how long I'd stay if he took me?"

"Just about a week," chuckled Ned. "Then he'd tell your father that you are a good, smart lad, but that he didn't need you any more."

"Wonder why he never does keep a boy long?" asked Frank. "Uncle Ben is no crank; does he make them work too hard?"

"It's not that," said Ned, decidedly. "He never asked me to do a thing but run a few errands on my wheel. How about you, Hugh?"

"Same thing," said Hugh. "I've puzzled over it a good deal, but I can't see where the trouble was. He always seemed pleased with the way I did the errands. The only extra job he ever gave me was clearing out a box of old nails and screws. I didn't find much good stuff in it, and said I thought it ought to be thrown into the ash can, but he said it was too heavy for me to carry down the steps."

"Once he set me to straightening out a drawer in the filing cabinet that was full of old newspapers,"

recalled Ned, "but that wasn't anything. They only needed to be bundled up and left for the rag man. I couldn't see where I did not please, either."

"I've half a notion to try for the place," said Frank; "I may not make good, but it will not hurt me to try," and with a wave of the hand to his companions, he walked into the store and asked Uncle Ben to give him a trial.

"You look like a brisk smart boy," said Uncle Ben, peering at him kindly over his glasses. "Suppose we try it out for a week; if we do not suit each other, you can leave and there will be no harm done."

Frank grinned as he turned away; Uncle Ben was "Uncle Ben" to most of the village, and he had "tried out" nearly every boy in Riverside and dismissed each one kindly, after a week or two, but Frank was determined to do his best. He soon learned his new duties, and found them both pleasant and easy.

Two or three days after Frank began to work for Uncle Ben there came a rainy day when business in the little shop was dull.

"You might go into the storeroom and sort and put in order that box of papers under the window," suggested Uncle Ben.

"Very well, sir," replied Frank, starting at once for the musty little storeroom at the back of the shop.

The light that came through the one small window was barely enough to show a great box full and running over with old papers, magazines, bills, and receipts. It was covered with dust, and looked as if it had not been touched for years.

"A fine mess of old trash!" thought Frank. "Guess the best thing is to take it out in the back alley and burn it. Still, Uncle Ben said 'sort and put in order,' so here goes!" and Frank rolled up his sleeves, knelt before the box and began the dirty, dusty task of sorting the papers. He did not stop till Uncle Ben called him to go on an errand.

After that, whenever he had a few minutes of leisure, Frank worked on sorting the papers. Now and then Uncle Ben would ask, as Frank came from the storeroom, "Finished yet, son?"

"Not yet, Uncle Ben," would be Frank's reply.

And always Uncle Ben would say, heartily: "No hurry, son; no hurry at all."

But as Frank went on he wondered more and more at the task that had been set him. "Nothing here but a lot of trash!" he declared one day for at least the twentieth time. "Uncle Ben will probably be disgusted with me for taking so much time over it. Maybe this is a joke he plays on all the fellows. Still, he said 'sort and put in order,' and that's what I have done. Hello! what's this?" he cried, as he gave a final tug at the last papers in the bottom of the box, and a crumpled wad rolled out. Picking it up, he smoothed it over his knee. "A ten-dollar bill!" he exclaimed. "Lucky I didn't burn the stuff. This pays for all the dirt and dust I've gone through! And Uncle Ben never dreamed I'd find that! A dozen times he's told me, 'You'll find everything there but money.'"

Feeling very cheerful over his happy find, Frank tucked the bill in his pocket and made haste to finish. He gave the box a lining of fresh paper, and then packed in it the bundles of papers, now filed

as to date and securely tied. On top of these went the packets of bills and receipts, each well wrapped and marked. Over all he spread another clean paper before he fastened on a board cover to keep out the dust. Then he went to find Uncle Ben.

"I've finished the box, sir," he announced. "It's all sorted and in good order now. And clear down in the bottom, I found this," and he laid before Uncle Ben the ten-dollar bill.

"Ah-h-h," said Uncle Ben; "very good; very good indeed!"

"How pleased Uncle Ben did look!" thought Frank as he walked home for lunch. "I suspect he thought I was a long time doing that old box, and finding ten dollars sort of pays for it a little."

The pleased look was on Uncle Ben's face when Frank went back after school the next day. More than that, the same pleased look was on Frank's father's face. Frank began slowly to understand why, when Uncle Ben, chuckling joyfully, laid a friendly arm across Frank's shoulder. "'Finished the box,' didn't you, son? Sorted and put it in good order too, didn't you? And 'clear down in the bottom' you found this?" and he waved the bill in the air like a banner. "We'll smash that 'Boy wanted' sign to-morrow, for I'm sure I've found the boy I want to keep."

And so it seems likely to prove; for Frank, growing taller and stronger each day, is still showing himself as painstaking and trustworthy in large matters as he was in the smaller one of sorting a box of old papers, and turning in to the owner the valuables he found. Uncle Ben always declares

Frank is helping to build "a business of honor," and he calls the old box Frank's "touchstone."

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

Three Hundred Trustworthy Men.—Judges 7.

Five Faithful Maidens.—Matthew 25. 1-13.

A Faithful Servant.—Luke 16. 10-13.

TO LEARN:

"Jehovah, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?

Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,

And speaketh truth in his heart." —Psalm 15. 1, 2.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Look up in an encyclopædia or a dictionary the word "touchstone," and tell in your own words what it means. Why was Uncle Ben's box a touchstone for Frank?

2. A little Scotch girl once said she knew herself to be a Christian because she swept the room clean and did not push the dust under the bed or a rug. What was the touchstone on which she was testing herself?

3. Name some of your own touchstones. Perhaps you have had the chance to win a game by cheating when no one could know about it. Did you stand the test? Perhaps there was the opportunity to "get by" with breaking a rule when the teacher or the monitor was away. What did you do?

4. Father asked John to trim the grass on each side of the brick walk. John did so and then cut out the grass that was growing between the bricks. What do you think of his doing so?

5. "Please dust the picture frames for me,"

mother asked Sue as she began the weekly cleaning. Sue dusted the frames, and then brought a damp cloth and cleaned the glasses that covered the pictures. What touchstone was she using?

6. Jesus once said to his friends, "If a soldier makes you go one mile to carry his heavy armor, go with him two miles." Ask your teacher to tell you what Jesus meant by this command. What do you think of it?

7. Find a print or copy of Raphael's lovely picture, "The Madonna of the Chair." This is the story which is often told of it: Raphael was one day walking outside of his city, Rome, looking about him, as he often did, for some beautiful picture to paint, when his eyes fell on a young mother holding her baby in her arms. "If I only had a canvas with me!" thought Raphael. He looked about for something on which to make his picture. He saw the head of a barrel near by. He seized it and made the sketch which he afterward worked into the painting which hangs in one of the great galleries of Florence. What do you think of Raphael's ability to make the best of what he could get?

8. Find a picture of one of the most famous works of Michael Angelo, a marble statue of David. The story goes that a block of marble had been cast aside in one of the shops of the city because it had a flaw in it: no one would buy the cracked piece. Angelo saw it, and with his inner eyes, he saw the David in it. He took the discarded marble, and with hammer and chisel worked patiently till he had made the wonderful figure which people travel half way around the world to see. Write out this story of a man who made the best of things as he found them.

LESSON XIV

THE HONOR OF THE TRIBE

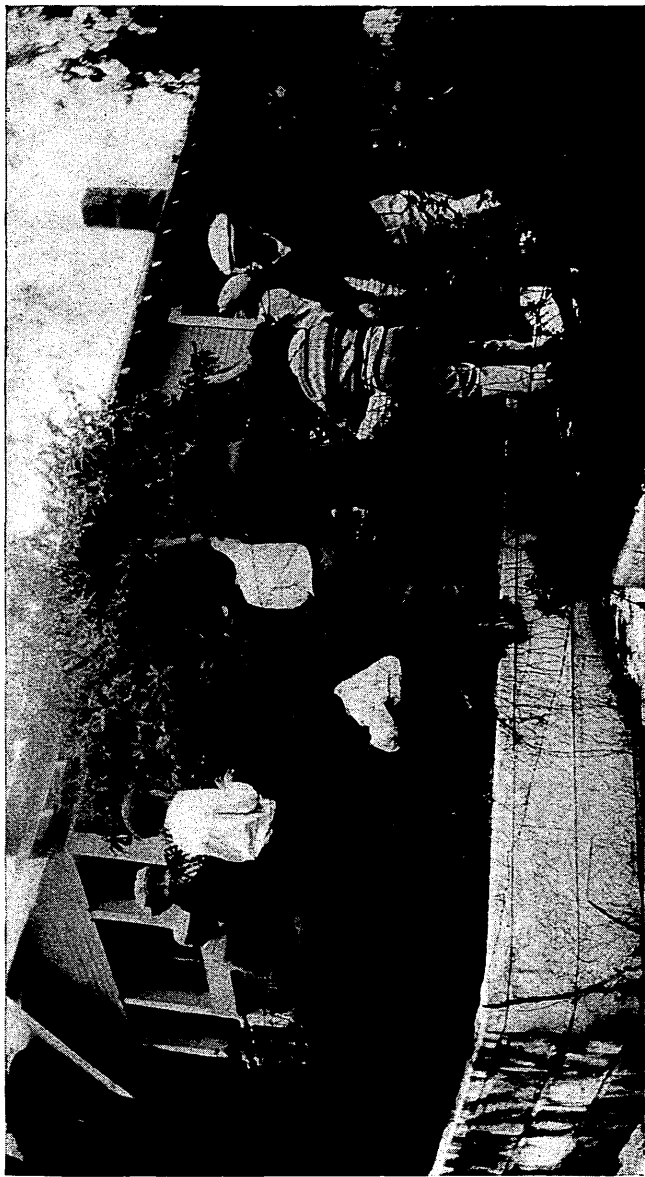
"HURRAH! Hurrah! We're off!" A shout went up from the Friendly Indians as the big car rolled away from the church, and it would have been hard to find in all the great State of California fifteen happier boys than they were when, ten miles outside of town, they began the "real hike."

"Straight up this road, fellows!" directed "Tommy," the well loved leader. "Don't leave the trail; obey Joe's signals, and remember the honor of the tribe."

Off they started, shouting for joy, running, jumping, chattering like magpies. Now they stopped to exclaim over some find; now they raced back to "Tommy" coming more slowly at the end of the line.

A half dozen boys with Joe at the head soon left the others behind. A turn in the trail hid them from sight, and they were quite apart from the rest when they came upon a small house standing in a well-kept yard. A wall of concrete three or four feet high surrounded the yard, and just inside the wall was the most wonderful sight these city lads had ever seen—a loquat tree loaded to the breaking point with ripe luscious fruit!

In an instant the honor of the tribe was forgotten. With one shout of delight, the boys scrambled to the top of the wall and into the tree, and began



Photograph by Charles Sheldon Thompson

"With one shout of delight the boys scrambled to the top of the wall and into the tree, and began to stuff mouths, pockets, and jacket fronts as fast as flying fingers could move."

to stuff mouths, pockets and jacket fronts as fast as flying fingers could move.

A slamming door and an angry voice recalled them to a sense of what they were doing.

"You young scamps! What are you doing in my tree? I'll have the law on you, you rascally thieves," cried the owner as she came swiftly toward them.

The boys dropped to the ground and took to their heels. "Yah, yah, yah! You can't catch us!" they called, and in two minutes were well out of sight. Then they sat down to rest and to get their breath.

"Wow, wasn't she just hoppin' mad, though?" grinned Dan after a minute or two had passed. "I'm glad I got so many before she saw us!"

"Stingy old thing!" grumbled Fred. "With all those bushels, she'll never miss the few we took."

Joe said nothing at all. He was thinking very hard. Presently he stood up squaring his shoulders, his mouth set in a firm line.

"A nice bunch of Indians we are!" he broke out. "Stealing—that's what we were doing; won't Tommy be proud of us?"

"You ate as many as any one of us," accused a half dozen voices.

"Don't I know it?" retorted Joe. "And good and ashamed of it I am. Say, fellows, let's go back, and tell the woman we are sorry, and that we will do whatever she says to make up for taking her fruit."

Six pairs of eyes widened; six mouths dropped open.

"Why, *Joe!*" Fred gasped at last. "Don't you know how mad she was? She'll— she'll— I don't know what she'll do to us!"

"Maybe she'll ask us to pay for all we ate," said Dick; "I've only fifteen cents and I need that for lunch."

"Maybe she'll make us work all day; then we'll lose the hike."

" 'Tommy' will never find out, Joe," urged Dave; "we are so far ahead she'll never think we belong to his company."

"Maybe she'd have us all sent to jail," suggested Dick.

Joe grew a little pale at that thought; he had a deep horror of the jail.

"I don't know what she'll do, boys; but I tell you we have the honor of the tribe to think about. 'Tommy' put us on our honor. Honor! I think we have very little! Let's go back and face the music," he insisted, however.

If you had been one of these boys, what would you have done? Write the ending of the story exactly as you think it happened. How did Joe and his friends feel when they came to the end of the day you have described? Was "Tommy," their leader, pleased with them? What will they do in a similar place the next time? How did they keep the honor of the tribe in your ending?

You may ask your teacher how the story ended, for it is a true story, and the teacher's book tells what the boys actually did. Is the true ending different from the ending you wrote? Which one do you like best? Why? How do you suppose the owner of the loquats felt after the boys had carried out their decision? How did the leader feel? Your teacher can tell you, if you ask.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

A Brave Prophet.—1 Kings 22. 11-36.

The Story of Nathan Hale (in any history of the United States).

Find a story of Mark Twain or of Walter Scott, telling what each did when meeting a loss of large sums of money, the payment of which was not required by law.

TO LEARN:

“He that walketh uprightly walketh surely.”—Proverbs 10. 9.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Write in your notebook the answers to the questions on page 84.

2. Why did Nathan Hale, the prophet, the boys, and the writers Scott and Twain act as they did in the hard places in which they were? To what were they loyal?

3. Tell some ways in which you can help others to be loyal to the spirit of the group.

LESSON XV

A LITTLE MAID AND HER MASTER

THERE once lived in the land of Judæa a little maid whom we shall call Hannah, though we do not know her real name. The Bible tells us but one short story about her.

She was probably a dark-eyed, curly-haired little girl, with a brave spirit, a merry laugh, and thoughtful, helpful ways. She no doubt delighted in hearing the tales that all good Jewish mothers told their children, of Abraham and David, of Joseph and Jonathan, and of Ruth, the sweet girl of Moab who stood by her mother-in-law so faithfully.

Much as Hannah loved these tales of old, she liked to hear stories of her own time. She thought the most wonderful of these was about the man of God, who had so much of the love of God in his heart that he was able to do many wonderful works. He had even healed a man of leprosy, that dreadful disease that was so seldom cured.

One thing marred the happiness of Hannah's life; that was dread of the Syrians. She no doubt thought they were men of exceeding badness, very big, very black, very cruel. Perhaps she had never seen one, but she had heard people talk of them so much that she always had a fear of their swooping down from the northern hills and carrying her off as a slave.

One day this very thing happened. The Syrians

fell upon the village where Hannah lived, and among the people whom they took away with them was Hannah herself. I suppose she was as frightened as any child might be in similar circumstances; but I am sure she showed herself to be a brave child. Perhaps she saw others more terrified than herself, and in trying to comfort them forgot her own fears. She probably proved herself thoughtful and considerate, for when the soldiers reached their home city in Syria, their captain chose Hannah to give to his own wife as a serving maid.

Hannah soon found out that Syrians were not greatly different from the men she had known at home. The captain was a kind master, and his servants loved him and liked to serve him.

But Hannah soon learned another truth about the captain, whose name was Naaman. He was a brave soldier and a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper! How sorry Hannah felt when she discovered this! She could not forget her master's plight, and her loyalty to him made her long to help.

One day as she was thinking of Naaman she remembered the man of God in her own land. She remembered that he had cured a leper. She ran to the other servants, and told them, urging them to get Naaman to go to Judæa and ask to be healed.

At first the servants did not pay much attention to the story. None of them had ever heard of a leper's being healed, and they did not believe it possible. But so often and so earnestly did Hannah repeat the tale, she finally convinced them, and they told it to Captain Naaman and his master the king.

The king was interested, and prepared to send Naaman to ask to be healed. It would have been

thought quite rude to go to a strange country and ask so great a favor without taking a rich gift. So fine presents were made ready, beasts of burden were laden with sacks of gold and sacks of silver, and beautiful clothes, to offer when the request was made and to leave when the cure had been made. You can imagine the excitement in Naaman's house as the preparations for his leaving went on. Finally all was ready, and he drove away in his chariot to find the man of God.

It was a long journey in those days to the land of Judæa, and probably the friends in the house of Naaman began to count the days and to look for him long before it was time for him to return. Sometimes they would hope to see him come back well. Sometimes they may have said: "It cannot be. No one was ever cured of leprosy." But Hannah would always insist that the man of God had done it, and that she was sure he would do so again for her master.

If you would like to know just what happened when Naaman came into the land of Judæa, you may read the story in the fifth chapter of Second Kings. Of course the family in Damascus could not know till Naaman returned home. You can guess how they watched day after day on the housetop for the cloud of dust far away that might mean the heavy chariot rolling home.

One day they saw the captain coming. He was driving fast. Did that mean good news or bad? They did not know what to think. Nearer and nearer the chariot came, till it stopped before Naaman's door. They were almost afraid to look as he stepped down—all except little Hannah!

She had been sure all the time he would come back completely cured, as, indeed, he had come. In place of the dead white scaly skin, his flesh was as soft and as firm as that of a little child. He was well and strong. How they all rejoiced! But in all that happy household not one was happier than the little maid whose loyalty and love for her master had sent him to the man of God to be cured.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

"Margaret of Orleans," in *Stories to Tell to Children*, by Bryant.

"Wilfred Grenfell," in *Heroes of To-day*, by Mary R. Parkman.

TO LEARN:

"Servants, be obedient unto them that according to the flesh are your masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not in the way of eyeservice, as men-pleasers; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as unto the Lord, and not unto men."—Ephesians 6. 5-7.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Which was easier, Hannah's loyalty to her master, or the boys' loyalty to the honor of the tribe? Give reason for your answer.

2. What reward did Hannah seek for her service to Naaman? What reward did she receive?

3. "No one will ever know," was the argument brought to James A. Garfield once when he was being asked to do a wrong thing. Find his answer, and tell what you think of it. What was his reward for acting as he chose to act?

LESSON XVI

MAKING AND KEEPING PROMISES

"You promised; you promised me faithfully." Have you ever said this to father or mother, teacher or friend? What does a promise mean? Think it over slowly, and write your answer in your notebook.

Has a person ever broken a promise made to you? How do you regard that person's word?

A sick man in a hospital was talking one day about a friend who was soon to go on a long journey. "I am sure she has started," said the visitor, "though I did not see her to say good-by."

"No," said the sick man; "she has not started."

"How do you know?" asked the visitor in surprise.

"She promised to see me before she left, and she has not come yet," answered the other. He was relying on a promise; and he knew his friend would keep her word, as she did. Suppose she had forgotten?

"I will play with you after school to-night," Helen promised Ruth. At lunch time mother said, "Helen, please come home as soon as school closes to stay with the baby while I go to the dentist." What ought Helen to do about her promise to Ruth?

"I will not go," said one son when his father asked him to work. "I will go at once," said his brother. The first son was sorry after a little, and went to do as he was told. The second son did not go at all. Neither kept his word. What mis-

takes did each make? Write your answers in your notebook. If you have ever made such a mistake, think it over and write out a way to guard against this another time.

"I will give you whatever you ask me," said Herod. "Give me the head of John the Baptist," said Herodias. The Bible says: "Herod was exceedingly sorry; but for the sake of his oaths"(that is, his promise), he gave Herodias what she demanded. Was Herod right? What kind of a promise did he make? If Herod had said, "I have made a mistake; my promise was a wicked one, and I must not keep it," what would people have thought of him then? What would people have thought of him in the long run?

Find in Daniel 6 the story of another king who made a promise without thinking. How did he feel when he discovered how his promise was working? (verse 18).

The Roman people loved to tell the story of one of their great generals who kept a promise that was hard indeed to keep.

More than two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born the Romans were fighting Carthage, a powerful nation in the north of Africa. At first the victory went to one side, and then to the other. In one of the Carthaginian victories Regulus, a Roman general, was taken captive, and kept at Carthage, bound with chains.

But the Carthaginians were not successful for long. After serious losses they began to wish for peace. They decided to send Regulus back to Rome to ask for peace and for an exchange of prisoners. They asked Regulus to promise that he would come

back to them if he did not succeed in arranging terms with the Roman Senate.

Regulus made this promise, though it was nearly the same as agreeing to come back to be tortured and killed; for in those days it was the custom to treat prisoners of war in this way.

When Regulus reached Rome he sent a message to the Senate to meet him outside the city gates, saying that as prisoner of war, he had no right to enter the city. The grave and dignified senators came hurrying out to meet him and to hear what he had to say.

"Do not make peace with Carthage," was the unexpected counsel of Regulus. "Carthage is near the end of her strength. She is eager to make peace before she is utterly beaten. Do not consider it for an instant. Press the war, and victory will soon be yours." Then he prepared to return.

"Do not go back to be tortured and killed," begged his friends. "Do not go back!" begged the senators.

But Regulus stood firm. "Shall a Roman give a promise, and then break it because keeping it costs a little pain?" he asked. "I go to keep my word. As for exchanging me, I think the Carthaginians have given me slow poison with my food; I am not worth exchanging for a strong Carthaginian officer. Keep on with the war till you have won, and that will sweeten the pains of death for me."

Some historians tell us that Regulus would not let his wife and his old mother come out beyond the city walls to say good-by to him; others tell that they too added their pleas to those of the Senate. We cannot tell which story is true, but

it is certain that Regulus sailed back to Carthage and kept his hard promise, though it meant his death. What do you think of his courage and of his faithfulness to his word?

A few years ago the policemen of Boston grew dissatisfied and demanded certain changes. At that time Calvin Coolidge was governor of Massachusetts, and had a part in settling the trouble. He reminded the policemen that they had made solemn promises to the State when they became its officers, and that they were doing wrong when they allowed themselves to forget these promises because they did not find their work what they wished it to be. What was the result of Coolidge's stand in the matter? What did the State and the nation think of him for acting in this way? How much is Coolidge's word of honor worth?

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

Morgenthau and the "House of Safety," in *Adventures in Habitscraft*, by H. P. Schauffler.

Jephthah's promise.—Judges 11. 30-40.

TO LEARN:

"That which is gone out of thy lips thou shalt observe and do."—Deuteronomy 23. 23.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Go over the lesson once more, and write in your notebook the answers to all the questions.
2. Write a good rule to follow in making promises.
3. Write a good rule for the keeping of promises.
4. Find out what men and women whom you admire do about making and keeping promises. What did Lincoln do? Roosevelt?

LESSON XVII

A CAPTAIN WHO PLAYED FAIR

CAPTAIN DAVID, he who was one day to become King David, once returned with his soldiers to their city of Ziklag to find that the Amalekites had raided the place in his absence, burned all the houses, and driven away the women and children to sell as slaves.

Captain David's family had been driven away too, and you can imagine how sorrowful all these soldiers felt at the loss of their sons and their daughters, their wives and their homes.

In this time of trouble David asked God what to do, and an answer came to him in his difficulty—he was directed to go against the Amalekites.

David took six hundred soldiers then, and marched after the enemy as fast as possible. Indeed, so rapidly did he march that two hundred of the men were soon quite worn out. It was necessary to leave them by the side of a brook to camp and rest. When the other four hundred men saw what was to be done, they stripped themselves of every piece of baggage which they could possibly do without, and left it in the care of the tired men, so that they could march all the faster.

In a short time the four hundred under David came upon the enemy, who were having a great feast of rejoicing over the rich spoils they were taking back to their own country. David and his men fell upon them so suddenly and chased them so

far and so fast that only a small company, who were lucky enough to find some camels to ride, escaped.

To their great joy, David and his men found their families quite safe. Even the spoils were unhurt. Besides the goods the enemy had carried off from Ziklag, there were great quantities of goods taken from other cities, and many flocks and herds. So Captain David and his soldiers marched back with many rich things. This time they went slowly, for the women and children could not go fast, and the men drove the flocks and herds before them.

As they came near the brook where the tired two hundred were camping, the soldiers began to talk among themselves. "Those fellows who stayed behind ought not to have any of these rich spoils," they said. "They may be thankful to get their families back. Surely, they will not expect a share of the rich garments, the flocks or the herds."

"Quite right!" agreed many others. "They rested in the shade, with fresh water to drink. They were in no danger. Think how far we marched. We fought all day and all night too. The spoils belong to us."

Captain David heard his men talking in this way. He made reply to them: "My men, this will not be fair. Jehovah God has protected us and given us victory. He will not be pleased if we have no thought of the brothers who have stayed by the baggage. They were tired out, as you know. They have protected our goods, while we fought and won. They ought to share with us. The share of those who stay by the baggage ought to be the same as the share of those who go into battle."

The soldiers thought it over, and then they agreed

with David. "Captain David is always fair," they said. "That is one reason why we like to fight under him. We will share and share alike with those who stayed behind to keep the goods of those who were fighting."

From that time, it became a law in the land of Israel that those who stayed by the stuff shared with those who went into battle. What do you think of this rule of fair play from those long-ago days?

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

An Indian boy who played fair; "Moc's Coals of Fire," in *The Rules of the Game*, by Lambertson.

"The Wheat Field," in *Golden Windows*, by Laura E. Richards.

"Outram, the Bayard of India," in *Adventures in Habitcraft*, by Schauffler.

TO LEARN:

"All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the law and the prophets."—Matthew 7. 12.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Write in your notebook a list of chances you have had to play fair.

2. Write the story of the best fair play you ever saw.

3. Albert Soord, an American painter, has given us one of the loveliest pictures we have of the Good Shepherd. He calls it "The Lost Sheep." Find it and think much about it. Write under it in your notebook two Bible verses about the shepherd and his sheep.

LESSON XVIII

A BOY WHO DID NOT PLAY FAIR

"I AM the older, and the birthright is mine," boasted Esau.

"I wish it were mine," said Jacob. "I care more for it than you do. Can you not give it to me?"

"No, it is mine, and I will keep it," replied Esau.

"I shall find a way to make it mine," muttered Jacob; and he began to plot and plan to make his own that which the custom of the country made his elder brother's. This was the birthright, the goods and the father's special blessing, which was given the eldest son when the father died.

One day Jacob made a thick broth of red lentils, a vegetable somewhat like our ordinary beans. It was ready to eat when Esau came in from the field tired and hungry. How good it smelled! It made Esau feel hungrier than ever.

"Do give me some of that good broth, or I shall perish with hunger," he begged Jacob.

"I will make a bargain with you," answered Jacob. "Give me your birthright, and you may take the broth."

"Of what use is a birthright to a dead man?" asked Esau. "I shall be dead if I do not get the broth. Take the birthright, and give me the food."

So Esau despised his birthright, and thought so lightly of the special blessing that he gave it up for

a single good meal. But what do you think of a brother who took advantage of a hungry man to get for himself the best thing which his brother had?

Not long after this bargain had been made, Isaac, the father of the two boys, feeling sure that he had not long to live, asked Esau to go hunting for him.

"Take your weapons and hunt for venison. Make me some of the good food I like, and when I have eaten of it I will give you the blessing; I will bestow the birthright upon you."

So Esau hastened away to do his father's bidding. But Jacob, who knew what was going on, hurried to his flock, killed two young kids, and cooked them to taste much like the wild venison for which Esau was hunting. Jacob had a plan for getting the birthright!

Now Esau, like many of the men of the country, had a rough, hairy skin. Father Isaac was so old he was quite blind, or else Jacob's plan would never have worked. He knew his father would feel his hands and arms, so he drew over them the skins of the kids that he might feel like Esau when his father touched him. When he was dressed to deceive the blind old man, he took the dish of meat to Isaac.

"Here, my father," he said, "is the meat you like so much."

"How did you find it so quickly?" asked Isaac.

"Jehovah, your God, favored me, and sent me good fortune," said Jacob.

"Come closer, and let me know if you are truly Esau," said Isaac. Then as the trembling old hands passed over Jacob, Isaac said: "Your hands are

like the hands of Esau, but your voice is like Jacob's voice. Are you indeed my son Esau, my very son Esau, and not another?"

"I am Esau, your own son Esau," answered Jacob.

Then Isaac ate the good food; and at the close of the feast, he kissed Jacob, blessed him, and gave him the promises he had kept for Esau. Imagine how Jacob felt as he walked away from the tent of his blind father, to whom he had lied, the father whom he had so cheated because he was blind and it was easy!

In a short time Esau came hurrying home from his hunting to prepare a dish of venison, which he joyfully brought to his father, begging him to eat of it and to give the blessing.

"Who are you?" cried the blind Isaac, in great trouble.

"I am your own son Esau. I have come with the food you like. Eat of it and give me your blessing," said Esau.

"Then who was it that just now brought me food and had my blessing?" cried Isaac.

"It must have been that cheater, that deceiver, Jacob," cried Esau, angrily. "He has stolen from me the birthright, and the blessing!"

From that time on Esau hated Jacob. He planned to kill him as soon as Isaac died, and to take for himself the rights of which Jacob had cheated him. Jacob knew that he had done wrong, and he dared not stay at home longer. He did not know when Esau would try to get even with him. So Jacob said good-by to his father and mother and set out on a long journey to a far-off land. There he lived many years, paying the price of his unfair play.

Do you suppose he ever asked himself if it paid to cheat in such a fashion?

OTHER STORIES:

"Hard to Play Fair" the story of the football game, in *The Varmint*, by O. M. Johnson.

Find one or more stories in the life of Livingstone of his fair play in Africa.

TO LEARN:

"Ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another."—1 Thessalonians 4. 9.

SOMETHING TO DO:

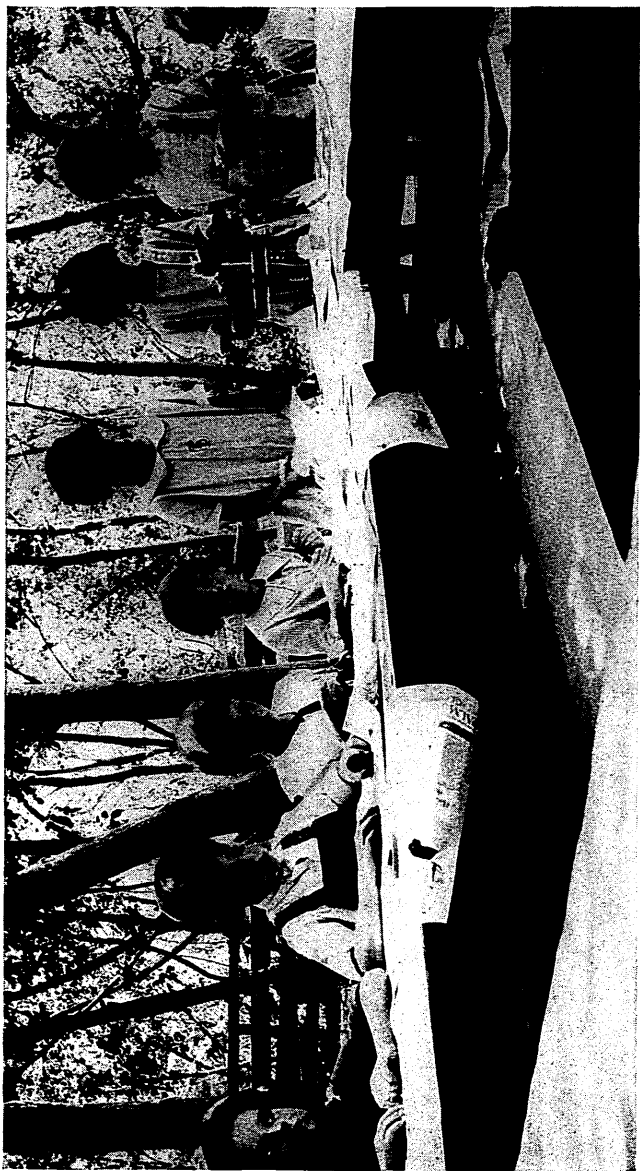
Prepare a gift to make "fair play" at home easier. You may make:

1. For mother—a work or darning box; a kitchen list board, with pad and pencil; a telephone list.

2. For father—an auto polisher. Tear soft rags and tie in bunches of convenient size.

3. For brother or sister—a door stop. Select a pretty colored picture of a basket of flowers, a cat, a dog, a Boy Scout saluting, or any figure you may prefer. Paste it to a smooth piece of thin wood; dry under a light weight. Cut to the outline of figure with a coping saw. Nail the cutout to a strip of wood two inches wide, and about an inch thick at one end, but made thin enough at the other end to slip under a door. Finish with a coat or two of shellac or varnish.

4. Find a copy of Millet's charming picture, "Baby's First Steps." Paste it in your notebook, and write a short story about it.



Photograph by Marjorie Bentley

PLAYING FAIR

Making gifts for boys and girls who have no church vacation school.

LESSON XIX

FINDINGS AND KEEPINGS

ROB and Will were walking home from school and talking about all the things they would buy if they had the money to pay for them. It was a long list they had in mind—a new dress for mother, a book for father, a cap and sweater for Will, roller skates for Rob, a baseball and bat for the new nine which they had just joined.

"It would take a heap of money for all those things, even if we got the very cheapest!" sighed Will.

At that moment Rob, looking down, saw a little brown envelope lying at his feet. He stooped and picked it up. A name had been written across the face of the envelope in pencil, but it had been rubbed so much that one could not read it; there were no other marks on the envelope.

"It's some one's pay envelope," said Rob. "Why, the money is still in it!" he cried, as he drew out a fold of bills. It took but a minute to count them.

"Twenty dollars!" he exclaimed in excitement. "Will, we can buy all the things we talked about!"

Will shook his head. "It isn't your money," he said.

"It surely is!" declared Bob. "'Findings are keepings,' you know!"

"That is not right; 'findings' are not 'keepings,' if you are honest," replied Will.

"But how can I tell who lost it?" insisted Rob. "No one can read this name, and I found the money, you know!"

"Twenty dollars is a lot of money," said Will. "I think you ought to take it home to mother and talk it over with her; she'd know what is best to do."

"But," objected Will, "I'm afraid she won't let me keep it, and we do need those things badly; you know we do, Will. Besides, it isn't the same as if we were intending to spend it all foolishly or for ourselves."

This is a true story. Think it over carefully; talk it over with your mates, your father or mother, and your teacher. Then answer these questions:

1. What do you think of the saying: "Findings are keepings"? Is it a good rule to follow? Why or why not?

2. What do you do with things you find?

3. Check in the list below right ways in which Rob might have acted about the money he found.

(a) He might have advertised to find the owner of the envelope.

(b) He might have started a bank account.

(c) He might have spent all of it.

(d) He might have divided it with his friends.

(e) He might have given it to his mother.

(f) He might have divided it with Will.

4. Now you may ask your teacher what Rob actually did do with the money, for, as I have told you before, this is a true story. What do you think of the way Rob did? Was it right or wrong? Why?

5. Find Deuteronomy 22 and read verses 1-4. What do you think of this law?

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

"Nauhaught, the Deacon," by John Greenleaf Whittier.

An Old Law About Things Found.—Deuteronomy 22. 1-4.

TO LEARN:

"He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much: and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much."—Luke 16. 10.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. How does finding an article that you would like to own prove a touchstone to you? Write the answer in your notebook.

2. Find James Russell Lowell's "Biglow Papers," and learn the four lines ending, "And stealing will continue stealing." Think over these words. What

"old notions" do you call "fudge"? What is the harm in "bending our conscience to our acts"?

3. Make a list of times or places when it is easy to be unfaithful "in a very little"; perhaps you will begin with something like "Helping myself to fruit or candy in a store," "Taking flowers from a public park," and other acts like these.

4. Write a rule that will help you in these situations.

5. What is the harm in doing any of the deeds you have listed?

LESSON XX

BEING A GOOD NEIGHBOR

LESSON XVIII told of fair play at home. Have you found it a good rule for making home happier? Can you think of other places where the rule would work? What would be the effect if you were to try it in your neighborhood?

None of us spend all our time at home. We live among neighbors, people whom we do not know as well as the members of our own family. Sometimes we say of them, "They are good neighbors." What do we mean? Perhaps we sometimes say, "They are not good neighbors." What do they think of us? Do they call us good neighbors? Why or why not? What makes a good neighbor? Has the rule of fair play anything to do with being a good neighbor?

Boys and girls sometimes think grown-up neighbors are unfair when they object to having lawns trampled or flowers broken by ball games. Louise, eleven years of age; Don, nine; and Rob, who was just ten, had been asked many times, in a kind way, by Mrs. Allen to keep their ball out of her yard, and particularly out of the flower beds.

Perhaps they thought because she spoke kindly she did not mean what she said. They let the ball fall on her lawn many times; she finally became much annoyed, and scolded them severely. The three were very indignant, and decided to show Mrs. Allen what they thought of her. Rob brought a

roll of old wall paper from his attic and they made a huge dunce cap. Louise printed in large letters on one side of the cap, DUNCE. On the other side she wrote plainly, "Mrs. Allen is a cranky old hen." When it was growing dark, and no one was looking, Louise crept over into Mrs. Allen's yard and put the cap where it was sure to be found in the morning. Think this over, and then answer these questions:

1. Was Mrs. Allen being a good neighbor when she asked the children to keep out of her yard? Why or why not?

2. Were the children playing fair when they did not keep the ball from going into the flower beds? What was the best thing for them to do when Mrs. Allen asked them to stay out of the yard?

3. How did the three probably feel after they had made the cap and left it in the yard?

4. How do you suppose Mrs. Allen felt when she found the cap?

5. Name any people who might be hurt by what the children did.

6. Write any reasons you have for thinking you would like or would not like Louise, Don, and Rob for next-door neighbors.

7. Would you like Mrs. Allen for a next-door neighbor? Why or why not?

8. Make a list of the things you think a good neighbor would do for you or to you. You may begin in this way:

A good neighbor is

1. Courteous.

2. Considerate.

3.

Make the list as long as you can. Go over it and

check all the things which you do as a good neighbor.

9. What difference would it make in your neighborhood if every one did these things to or for his neighbors?

10. Ask your librarian to help you find stories about people who were good neighbors. What do you think of Jacob Riis, Lilian Wald, or Jane Addams as a neighbor? Which of their rules can you follow in your neighborhood? What difference will it make?

11. Try these ways for a month, and see if you have a better neighborhood as a result.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

Who Is My Neighbor?—Luke 10. 25-37.

Good Neighbors.—Acts 4. 32-35.

TO LEARN:

“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”—Matthew 22. 39.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Go over the lesson, and answer all the questions, using your notebook.

2. Plan a neighborhood pleasure; perhaps it may take the form of a picnic, a serenade with your best music, or a simple but pretty pageant.

3. Find a copy of Hobbema's “Avenue of Trees,” or of Corot's “Spring.” Study them to see how the trees are placed in the picture. Can you find in your own neighborhood a similar picture, and make a photograph of it for your notebook?

LESSON XXI

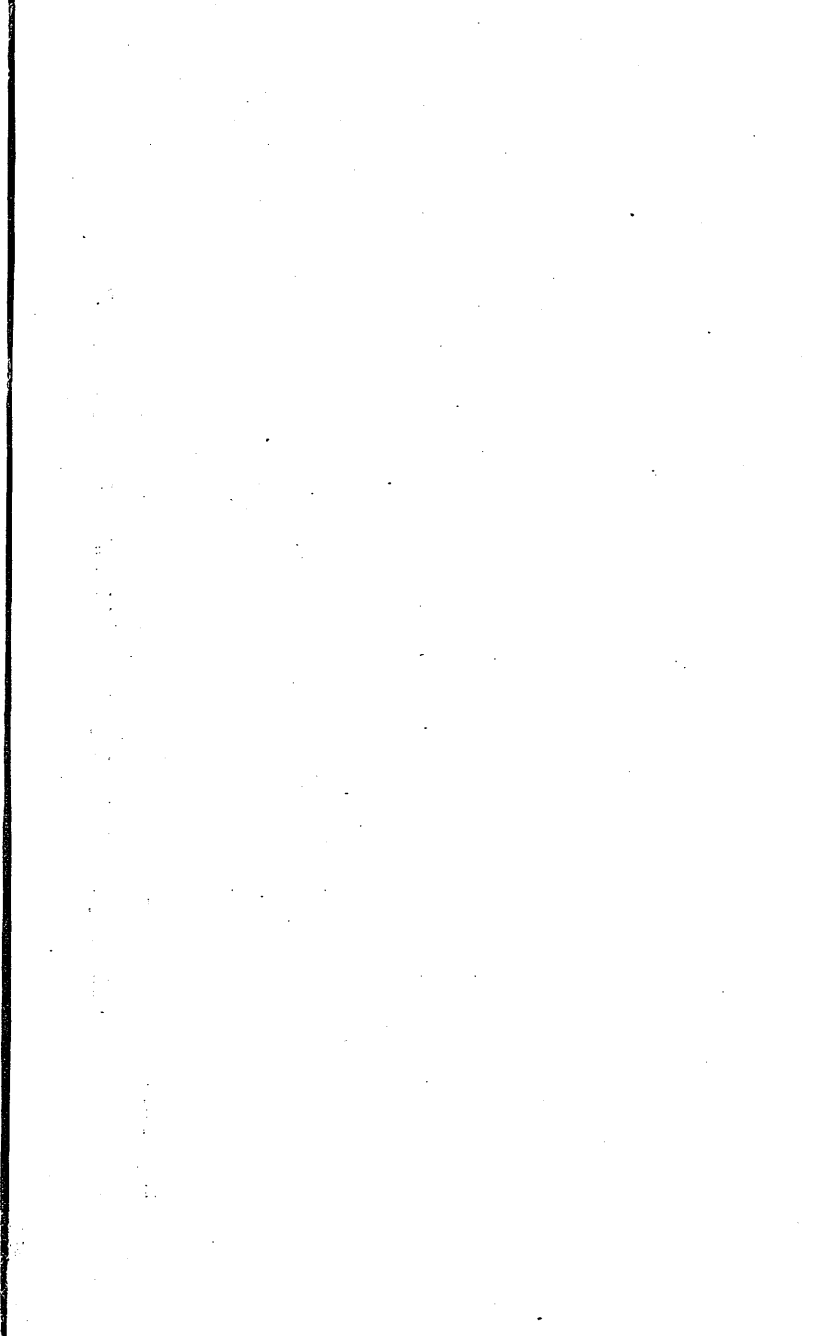
UNKNOWN NEIGHBORS

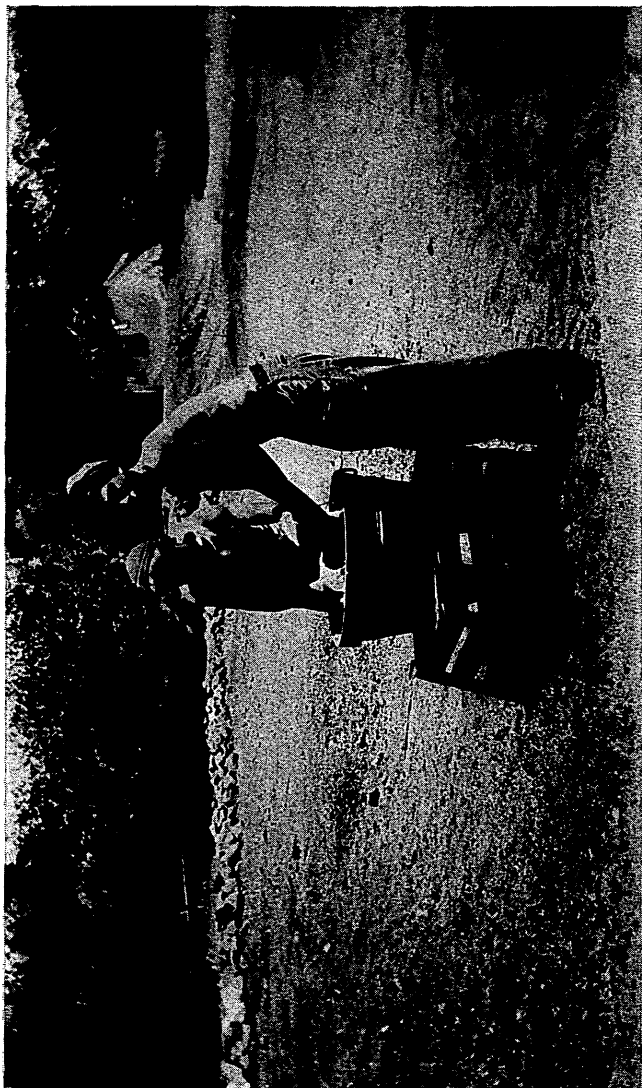
IN our lesson about good neighbors we were talking of those people who live near us, perhaps next door or in the same block; certainly in the same town. They are the true "nigh-burghers," or "near-dwellers," as the word means. What rules of fair play to these neighbors did you set up?

There are many other persons to whom we may play fair, though we may never meet them or know their names. We may call them unknown neighbors. We may add to their comfort and pleasure if we choose to think of them as well as of ourselves and to carry out the Golden Rule.

Not long ago the juniors of a church vacation school were having a picnic in a city park. There was no policeman there to tell them what to do, but every boy and girl, at the close of the meal, gathered up the lunch papers and the watermelon rinds and put them in the proper refuse containers. Why did they do this? How were they playing fair with people who might later come to the same place? In what condition are the picnic grounds when you start for home? How does the camping ground look when you leave? How have you taken care of the tin cans and other refuse?

One of our Western States tries to get fair play for all by requiring every camper in the public camps and forests to include a shovel in the camp





Photograph by Charles Sheldon Thompson

CLEANING UP

"The camp must be left in perfect condition when the campers depart."

equipment. Two holes must be dug, one for cans and one for other refuse, and the camp must be left in perfect condition when the campers depart. Is this a good law? Why?

One of the loveliest sights I ever saw was a white lilac that grew at the side of a deserted old house. The lilac had been growing many years; it was almost perfect in shape and was covered with countless white blossoms. Every afternoon and evening people climbed the hill to admire its beauty, but no one picked a single cluster of bloom. Why not? What kind of unknown neighbors were these people who left the lovely bush for all to enjoy?

"Please come to our seed sowing day," is the invitation that the children of one Nature Club send out three or four times a year to their friends. These children have gathered seeds and bulbs from the season before; they have studied the wild plant life of their hills and valleys and know the best times for planting and sowing the different varieties; and they are making and keeping up the natural beauty spots in their locality. The boys and girls enjoy the flowers, and these give pleasure to many unknown neighbors whom the children never meet. Why are these young club members good citizens and good neighbors?

Do you agree that consideration of others and fair play to one's unknown neighbors is a good reason for caring for the lovely and interesting things we find in the world around us? An even better reason is that all of these are the work of God's hands and in them we may read of his power and love.

You look at the stars burning in the sky and you

wonder how far away they are. Perhaps your college brother or sister tells you that they are so distant that it has taken the light years to reach us, and you wonder at the mighty power of God. You say, "When I consider thy heavens, . . .

The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

Or perhaps you finger a seashell with its delicate coloring and its marvelous curves. You look into the cup of a white lily and smell its perfume, and you know that man with all his skill and cleverness cannot perfectly copy, much less create, flower or shell. Only the hand of God can form them and give them life.

The tiny forms of nature speak of God as surely as do the larger. Scientists tell us that soil formation has been carried on in large part by shell forms so minute that they can be seen as separate shells only by the aid of a microscope. The beautiful lily that you admire, as well as other kinds of plant life, could never be if it were not for the grains of pollen, the yellow dust that you find in flower centers. Each grain is so wee that it looks to you like a mere speck of dust. Looking at it through a powerful microscope, you would find it to be perfect in form, each kind of pollen grooved in its own beautiful pattern. The tiniest bit of God's creation may show God's laws of order and beauty, if we look for them and read them aright.

As you study the flowers and the stars, pollen grains or song of bird, you will come to say with Tennyson:

"I found him in the shining of the stars,
I marked him in the flowering of his fields."



Photograph by Jean Gertrude Hutton

"You know that man with all his skill and cleverness cannot perfectly copy, much less create, flower or shell. Only the hand of God can form them and give them life."

Perhaps you will come to think the best reason of all for fair play to unknown neighbors is that you may help them to know God through his works, and to reverence him as you do. In this way, you will be building "the glorious golden city" of which you sing.

Where is the best place for you to begin? That is a question which each of you must answer for himself. You remember Nehemiah's plan—"Every man opposite his own house." What needs to be done opposite your house? Perhaps it is the sowing of grass seed on a bare and ugly place; it may be the planting of a tree or a vine, the making of a bird bath or a bird house, or the clearing of a weed-grown lot. You may find a task that is too hard to do alone, and then you will try to get your mates to help you.

If you undertake the work in the way of Nehemiah and his friends—"with a mind to work"—I am sure you will never find a place so barren and ugly that you cannot make it a little more beautiful nor one so beautiful that you are not able to add something to its attractiveness. And I am sure, too, that you will never have more fun than in trying in this way to play fair by your unknown neighbors.

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

How One Man Answered the Call to Help His Unknown Neighbors.—Acts 10. 1-23.

What Jesus Said About Unknown Neighbors.—John 10. 14-17.

TO LEARN:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my

brethren, *even* these least, ye did it unto me."—
Matthew 25. 40.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Find out how American children helped their unknown neighbors, the Japanese children, keep the Festival of Dolls in the spring of 1927.

2. A plan to be a neighbor to the Mexican boys and girls was proposed for the winter of 1927-28. What was this plan?

3. Find a way of sharing with any unknown neighbor you may select. For example, if you choose the Chinese children, you may prepare scrap-books that show how you go to school, how you sleep, what games you play, and what kind of clothes you wear. There are children in America whom you can make happy by sending them toys, books and magazines, or articles of usefulness, such as sewing bags, knives, ties, or pencils. Ask your teacher to help you find some of these children.

4. Find a copy of W. L. Taylor's picture, "When I Consider the Work of Thy Hands." Place it in your notebook, and find the best verse in the Bible to describe it; write this under the picture.

LESSON XXII

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE

WHEN the people of Israel were traveling from Egypt to the promised land of Canaan they lived in tents that could be taken down and carried with them. They had then a tent-church as a special place of meeting God. You have read how eagerly they brought the finest dyed material, the richest skins, gold, silver, and jewels, to be made into this tent-church. The clever weavers and embroiderers, metal workers, wood carvers, and anyone who was skillful at any kind of work, labored together at making it. The boys and girls too probably found some way of sharing in the great work.

After the people had come into the land of Canaan, they began to build fine houses for themselves, and it did not seem right to them that God's house should still be the tent-church. So again they brought of the best they had, fine woods, jewels, costly hangings, to make a beautiful Temple. How they loved it when it was finished! But do you think they loved it more than the wilderness people had loved their tent-church?

Why was it that both tent-church and Temple were so loved by the people? You will say it was not because of the fine materials that had gone into their making. It was because both were places where men and women went to meet God.

We have been thinking of ways in which God

speaks to his children, and we know we may hear his voice in any place if we only listen for it. Yet we love, as men have always loved, to build special houses to which we may go to think more particularly about God, and to wait in quiet for him to speak through the voices of his helpers or in the secret of our own hearts.

We call these houses we build for the worship of God churches or chapels, and we say *we* have built them. You will be much interested if you will take the time some day to find out how many people helped in the building of your place of worship.

If you begin with the name by which you call your place of worship, you will probably find that the word is an old one, with an interesting history. Look in the dictionary and you will find that "church" comes from a Greek word meaning "the Lord's."

Three nations had a part in building the word "chapel." The word was once *capella*, from *capa*, the robe that the minister wore at the service of worship, and it was used to mean the room where the robe was kept. The French changed the word to *chappelle*, and English made it *chapel*. But no matter what the form or the sound of the word has been, it has always meant a part of the house of God.

If you try now to learn who made the building itself, you will be astonished to discover how many persons have had a part in it. Carpenters, bricklayers, and electricians you will think of at once. Go back of them and think of the lumbermen who cut the trees from which the boards were made; of the miners who dug out the ore for pipes and wire;

of the wood carvers, the weavers and the glass workers; of the people who worked in shop and factory, in mill and dye house, that you might have a comfortable, useful, and beautiful place in which to worship God, a place you love to call Our Father's house.

All of these men and women, as well as your father and mother and friends, like the men who built the tent-church, brought their best to make a beautiful house of God. That it is the house of God and the place where you and others come to meet him in a special way helps you to decide how you ought to conduct yourself when you are in it.

Suppose you go to a friend's house some day to tell him of some good fortune that has come to you, or to ask him to help you through a hard place, or perhaps, just because you like to be with him; how will you act when you are in his house? Will you enter and walk about, talking loudly to your mates, looking at articles in the room or on the walls, or gazing out of the windows, paying no attention to your friend? You are shocked that one suggests you might behave so rudely in the house of your friend. Have you ever seen persons acting like this in God's house?

You have often seen people enter the church and kneel or sit with bowed heads. They are talking to God in prayer, or waiting in quiet for him to speak to them. They know they cannot hear him if their minds are full of other matters, and their attention is fixed on that which is about them. What do you think of this way of behaving in church?

God may speak to us when we are in his house

through the words of the hymns we sing, through the voice of preacher or teacher, or through our reading of his own book, the Bible. How may we be sure of hearing him when he speaks to us in these ways?

Our Father's will concerning his house is told in several places in the Bible. One such place is Isaiah 56. 7. What does this tell as to how we should use the church? One of the few times when Jesus was angry was when he found men forgetting this; read the story in Mark 11. 15-17.

A beautiful picture of one person's love for the house of God is found in Psalm 84. See what stories you find in the Bible about ways of caring for or behaving in our Father's house. Which one do you like best? Why?

Write three rules for your own conduct in God's house, and tell why you think they are good rules. Try them when you go to church. Does following these rules make it easier for you to listen to God and to think of him when you are in his house?

OTHER STORIES TO FIND AND READ:

A Splendid House of God.—2 Chronicles 5. 1, 13, 14; 6. 1-3, 18-21.

Jesus in the House of His Father.—Luke 4. 16-21.

TO LEARN:

"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God; for to draw nigh to hear is better than to give the sacrifice of fools."—Ecclesiastes 5. 1.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Try to find something that you can do to

make your place of worship more beautiful or comfortable. You may discover that the Bibles and hymn books need mending; that chairs should be painted; that walls or floors should be cleaned. Perhaps you can buy or make a church flag, a bulletin board, a picture for the church school room. Perhaps you can help by making flower holders. Or it may be that you can help most by doing your own part to keep the rooms in beautiful order, with furniture in place, books in racks, and the lawn outside as lovely as you can get it.

2. Look for a picture of the Cathedral of Rheims, and ask your librarian to find something of the history of this building, this beautiful house of God. It was started many years ago, and one reason why it was possible to repair it after the Great War was that the men who had first built it did their work so well that all the foundations were unharmed by the pounding of the big guns. Do you think the people of Rheims and the country about were grateful to the workmen of many years ago who builded so well for God?

LESSON XXIII

HIDDEN TREASURE

WHEN you were studying the lesson about God's house, of how many people did you learn who had helped in its building? From how many lands did the materials of your church come? How long was it in building? Find out how long it took Solomon to build his beautiful Temple for God.

The beautiful cathedral of Saint John the Divine, in New York City, was begun many years ago, and is yet unfinished. Many of the great cathedrals of Europe required hundreds of years to finish them. You will find some of the stories of their founding and building very fascinating.

But more fascinating than the story of the making of a church from wood or stone is the story of the making of the Bible, that book through which God speaks to us so clearly of his will and his power.

Have you ever wondered how we came to have the Bible? Perhaps you have "taken it for granted" and supposed we always had it, but this is not true. It required many hundred years to make the Bible, and many people whose names we do not even know have had important parts to play in the work.

Probably you know well that the Bible is not one book, but a library composed of a number of books. How many books are there in the Bible? Into what main sections is the Bible divided?

In most libraries you will find books of different

sorts—books of history, books of poetry, books of law, and many other kinds. How many kinds of books can you find in the Bible?

You will enjoy learning and telling some of the stories about the making of our Bible. One is about the great Englishman, Wycliffe, who translated the Bible from Latin into the everyday language of the people, so that all could read it.

The Bible itself contains interesting stories as to its making. One of these stories tells of the finding of a great treasure in the Temple one day.

The Temple was so well built by Solomon's workers that it stood for many years; but, of course, the time came when it needed to be repaired. A chest was placed outside of the Temple, and people who came to worship dropped into this chest their gifts of money with which to buy stone and timber and pay the workmen.

One day King Josiah sent a message to the chief minister of the Temple, directing him to count the money and to use it for the repairs.

The faithful Hilkiah did as the king commanded him. But as he went about removing the money, he found a treasure that was of far more value than the money itself. The gold and silver coins would help to make the Temple beautiful, while the treasure Hilkiah found would tell the people how to make their lives beautiful by the very pattern God had given them. What he had found was a part of God's book, though men did not at that time call it the Bible.

It was a strange-looking book which Hilkiah found; it was not in the least like our books of to-day, with clean white pages and clear print.

It was probably written on a long strip of parchment, a tough material made from the skin of a sheep. The writing may have been done with a brush or a quill. The parchment was probably rolled up and tied with a thong.

When Hilkiah found this old book, he seems to have known at once what it was, for he took it to Shaphan, a man whose business it was to do the writing for the Temple, and said: "I have found the book of the law in the house of the Lord."

If Hilkiah had been one of our ministers to-day, he would have said, "I have found the Bible." If you can imagine what it would be to have not a single Bible where you could read it; if you can suppose that all we knew of God's sayings to us was what people could remember from hearing them read once in seven years; and then if you can imagine your minister coming in some day and saying: "I have found the Bible"—if you can imagine all this, you will know how Hilkiah and Shaphan felt as they looked at the treasure found in the money chest. I suspect they forgot all about the money in their joy and awe over the finding of the book.

Shaphan went at once to King Josiah and told him what had been found. "Hilkiah has given me a book that he found when counting the money," he said. Then Shaphan read the book to the king.

Perhaps you think King Josiah was overjoyed to get this book and to know what God had told his people. He was indeed glad: but as Shaphan read, the king found out how far away he and his people had gone from God, and this made him so sorry he hardly knew how to show his grief.

"How wicked we are!" he cried. "How far we

have wandered from God! Can he ever forgive us? What shall we do to find him again?"

King Josiah made all haste to call the people together. Great men and plain men, rich and poor, all were summoned to hear the law read.

When the reading was finished, Josiah called on all the people to make with him a promise to reverence the law, and to do what the words of the book commanded, and the people gladly promised.

Then they went into the Temple, and tore down all the idols, the images, and the altars of the false gods. Not one single rule of the book did King Josiah refuse to keep. "Like unto him was no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart and with all his soul and with all his might according to all the law of Moses."

You may read of the way in which another king treated a message of God sent through a prophet, if you will turn to the thirty-sixth chapter of Jeremiah. What do you think of this man's lack of reverence for God's word?

Ask your teacher to tell you of some of the men who have helped us to have our Bible—men like Caedmon and Bede, Tyndale and Luther. Which of these stories do you like best? Why?

Find out all you can about the American Bible Society, and the work it does. How many Bibles are printed each year by this society? In how many languages is the Bible printed?

Write out or tell to your mother the most interesting part of the story of our Bible. To know even a little of the way in which it has been preserved and handed down to us, and to think for a minute of the many persons who have had a part in its

making, causes us to love and prize it more highly. Most of all, we honor it because it is one way in which God tells us of himself and of his will for us. What did Jesus think of God's Word? Find two or three references that show how he believed in and treated his Father's Word.

How should we care for the Bible? One way is by careful handling of the book itself, just because it is the book of God. A better way is by careful treatment of its words, thinking of them reverently, never using them carelessly or lightly. The best way of all is by hiding its treasures, not in an old chest where they may be forgotten and overlooked, as in the times of Josiah; but in our hearts and minds, committing them to memory, and then living them out in our lives.

TO FIND AND READ:

In search of great treasure; "Two Thousand Miles for a Book," in *The Rules of the Game* (F. W. Lambertson).

What one person thought of God's word.—Psalm 119. 11, 72, 89, 97, 105, 129, 165, 174.

TO LEARN:

The verse of your choice from Psalm 119.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Write out the best rule for caring for God's Word.
2. Select your favorite verse, copy it on a card, and send it to a friend or hang it in your own room or in your church school room.

3. From plasticine make a tablet like the old clay tablets on which parts of the Bible were once written. With a sharp-pointed stick write a short Bible verse in the soft plasticine, and let it dry. Tell some one the story of the writing on clay tablets, using your model to illustrate your talk.

LESSON XXIV

THE PERFECT PATTERN

As you have watched men building some great structure—a school, a bank, or a factory—you have noticed them studying from time to time a roll of papers. You know these are the “blue prints,” the architect’s plans or pattern for the building. The workmen are making sure that their measurements are correct, so that the finished building may be perfect. They are following the pattern.

You have done much the same if you have made a notebook cover or a table scarf, a rabbit hutch, or an apron; you have used a pattern, either one well thought out in your mind, or more probably one traced or cut from paper. If you have been unfortunate enough to have a poor and imperfect pattern, the results have made you unhappy; you have found that imperfect patterns end in imperfect work.

The same rule holds good in regard to life patterns. We seldom or never make a better copy than the pattern we choose to follow. Don sometimes played with Harry next door, and sometimes with Hugh, who lived across the street. A person who knew both Harry and Hugh could tell which had been Don’s playmate for the day by listening to Don’s talk at the tea table. Have you ever noted your small brothers or sisters or cousins trying to do just as you do? If you turn your work into fun and take your daily tasks cheerfully, your little

imitator will do as you do. If you whine and fret over matters that do not please you, you are almost sure to hear your very tones echoed back to you. We all need to ask ourselves many times if we are setting the right kind of life patterns for others to follow.

Of course the way to be sure that our patterns are as good as we can make them is to be sure that we are making our own lives after perfect patterns. Many people have tried to find the finest and most perfect patterns for life building.

You will find one of these patterns in Psalm 15. It is sometimes called "The Gentleman's Psalm," for it is thought to give a good picture of the perfect man of those days. Read the psalm and talk it over with your mates; decide if it is still a good pattern, or if it has "gone out of fashion." What are the best parts of it? Write in your book any rules from this pattern that we may well follow out to-day:

1. -----
2. -----
3. -----

Another Bible pattern is found in Micah 6. 8. Some people like this so well that it has been called "the little Bible." It binds up in a few words all the best teachings of the Old Testament. Ask your teacher to explain any parts you do not understand. What do you think of this pattern? If you were to follow it carefully, how would you need to change your conduct? Write the answer here.

Does the Bible contain a pattern better than either that of the "Gentleman's Psalm" or the "Little Bible"? You are quite correct when you answer, "Yes, the best pattern of all is in the life of Jesus." No matter how good and perfect others may seem, any person is likely to make mistakes which we may follow. Jesus made no mistakes; if we measure our thoughts, our words, and our deeds by his, and do as he would have done, we may be sure we are right, because we are copying a perfect pattern. We remember that he was once a boy; he knew the troubles and temptations that boys and girls meet. He said: "Do my will; keep my commandments; follow after me; be perfect, as I am perfect." This gives us strength and courage to conquer our faults and to try harder and harder to copy perfectly our perfect pattern.

SOMETHING TO DO:

1. Find one or more verses in the New Testament which you think give most plainly the pattern Jesus laid down for you. Copy the verses with great care in your notebook. Learn them perfectly. Practice them every day.

2. Find a copy of Hofmann's "Christ and the Doctors in the Temple." Look carefully at the face of Christ. What is he thinking? How is he treating the "law and the testimony"? What do you think of the pattern he is giving us in the picture as to the way we should think of the Bible?

LESSON XXV

COUNTING UP

You have come now to the last lesson of your church vacation school for this season, and you are ready to count up what you have learned in your work and your play together.

You began by trying to be a Pathfinder of Health. How much have you gained in that way? In five weeks you could not expect to grow much taller, or to become much heavier, though, if you needed to gain in weight, and have tried faithfully to follow good health rules, the scales will probably show you are a few ounces heavier. But if you have done what you were urged to do, you have made a gain that calls for something finer than scales or a measuring rod to determine.

Have you made a gain in habits of health? Are you training yourself to follow good rules of living, eating, sleeping, and playing? What are the best reasons for getting and keeping strong and well which you have discovered?

If a boy or girl needs a strong body to be a useful man or woman, you have discovered that much more does he need a right spirit of living. You sometimes speak of your school spirit or your class spirit, and you know how eager you are to have the right school or class spirit. What has been the spirit in your school this summer? What have been the best parts of this spirit? How does this school

spirit, or these parts of it, work in your home? among your neighbors? Is it a good spirit to take into your whole life? How may you be sure that you have answered this question in the right way? If you will look at the lesson just before this one, you may get help in knowing whether you have decided rightly.

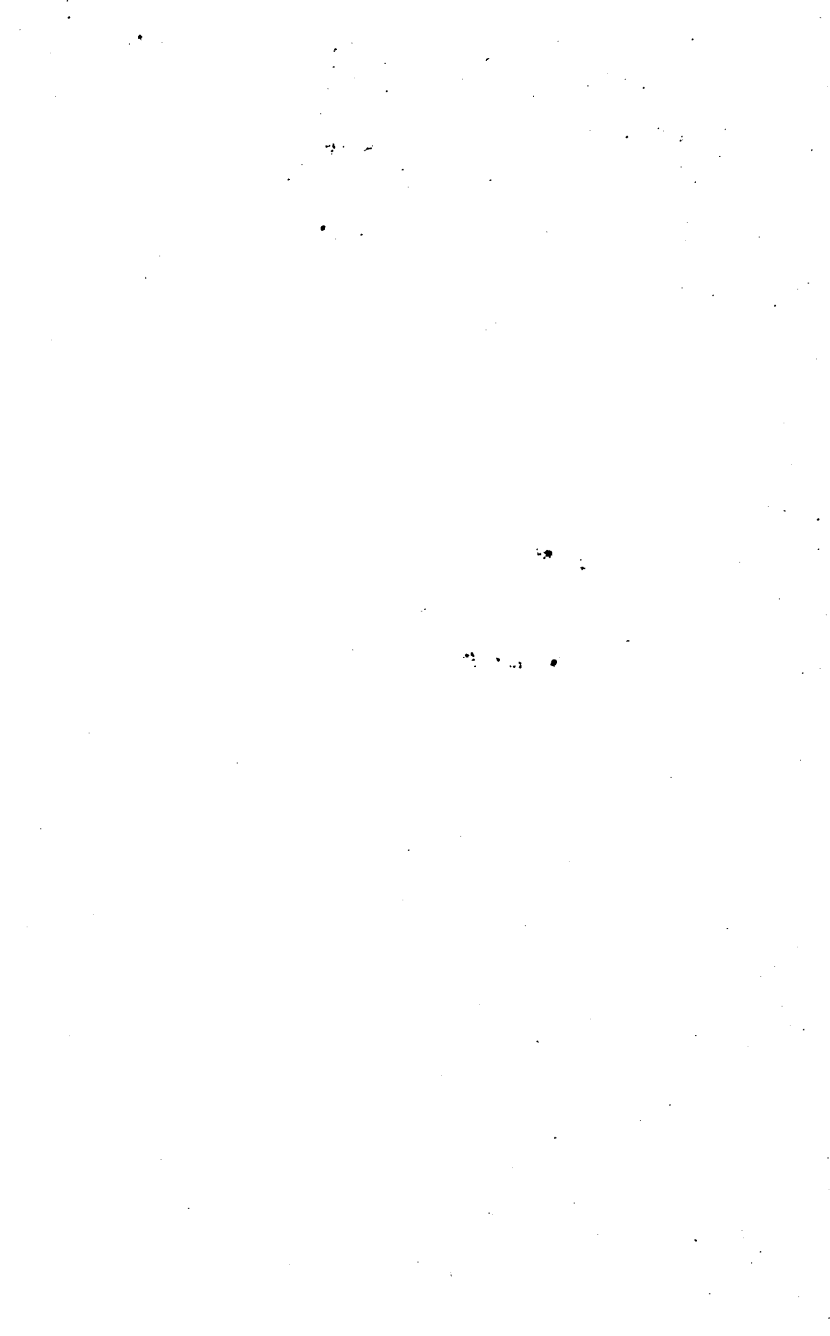
Turn through the pages of this book and glance at the stories you have studied. Which one did you like best? Why?

Below are important words from some of the verses you have learned. Read them, and see how many of the verses you can say.

1. "Know ye not that ye are a temple -----
2. "My son, if sinners -----
3. "Doing nothing through faction -----
4. "Behold how good and how pleasant -----
5. "With my whole heart -----
6. "Children, obey -----
7. "Be thou faithful -----
8. "Ye are my friends, if -----
9. "He that walketh uprightly -----
10. "That which is gone out of thy lips -----
11. "He that is faithful in a very little -----
12. "Inasmuch as ye did it -----
13. "He hath showed thee, O man -----

These verses are not all that you have learned from the Bible this summer. On the lines below write the first words of other verses, as a suggestion to you when you wish to recall them:

Write in red ink or colored crayon the verse you like the best of all. Why do you like this verse best of all?



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